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THE contest for the honor of leading the Republican party is distinguished from other contests in that no contest is taking place. There are many candidates, but they are all playing safe and are scrupulously careful not to submit their claims to any large body of Republican voters. Each candidate must of course be equipped with the delegates from his own state, but in only a few negligible instances are they trying to secure delegates outside their states. There is a general disposition to avoid contention even with the Democrats. There is an abject fear of arousing too much popular interest in these preliminaries to the national convention. It is as if the disembodied spirit of the Republican party were saying to itself: "Four years ago I allowed my house to be divided by encouraging a contest among the bigger brethren for power, and by submitting the controversy to the decision of the smaller brethren. But this year, whatever else I do, I am going to repair the schism. The big chiefs must not fight; they must only pretend to do so. The smaller fry must not have a chance to express their preferences, because they might reopen old wounds. In every respect I must behave differently than I did in 1912. There must be no commotion, no consultation with the people, no antecedent discussion of issues and programs, no enmities created or loyalties aroused. The real decision will be made at the last moment by the wiser brothers. They will announce it to the foolish brothers, who will accept it on faith and raise their voices in glad acquiescence."

PRECISE terms of the Lusitania arrangement will not be announced until next week, but enough has leaked out to justify the suspicion that the proposed settlement settles nothing. There is only one act by which the legitimate American grievance over the sinking of the Lusitania and the killing of one hundred inoffensive American citizens could have been really settled—by the unequivocal and unreserved admission on the part of the German government that it had deliberately planned a criminal

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act which it now regrets. That was the admission which the President proposed to extort, and which the Germans have inevitably refused to grant. "I have been willing," says von Bethmann-Hollweg, "to concede to America everything that Germany can concede within the principles of justice and honor; but I cannot concede a humiliation of Germany and the German people." To this President Wilson has apparently consented. The German government is to be permitted to save its face. The United States will submit to a humiliation in order to save the German government from one. The only consolation is that the plight of the German nation is really more humiliating than that of the American nation. Twenty years from now both nations will, we hope, be thoroughly ashamed of the incident—Germany because she committed a hideous wrong; the United States because she encouraged wrongdoing by failing to penalize it. But the shame of Germany will be the harder to bear. No self-respecting nation can, with utmost premeditation, perform an act obnoxious to "the principles of honor and justice" without suffering humiliation far deeper than that which would be implied by a public admission of the wrongdoing.

PRESIDENT WILSON will be bitterly criticised for refusing at the last moment to insist upon an explicit disavowal from Germany, but the responsibility is less personal than national. At no time in the course of the controversy could he have counted on the assistance of the whole country in the adoption of drastic penal measures. The American people did not want to be drawn into a war the issues of which they did not understand, in the objects of which they were not vitally interested, and the cost of which so far exceeded the possible benefits. In particular they did not understand the questions which the sinking of the Lusitania itself involved—the extent to which it brought out the dependence of the United States on British sea power and the British merchant marine, the extent to which it raised the fundamental problem of what the freedom of the seas really means. A method might have been devised to make Germany realize that the deliberate killing of inoffensive American citizens brought with it costly penalties, without involving the injured nation in the enormous liability of full participation in the war; but if the administration ever considered such a novel kind of statesmanship no intimation was allowed to transpire. The only alternatives considered by the people and their official leaders were peace at any price and war at any price. They preferred the former. Under the circumstances there is something to be said for the preference, but when we say it, let us be frank with ourselves. The country has made a bargain with Germany in which both countries sacrifice in different ways their self-respect; they both do so in the interest of something on which they place a higher value. That appears to be the unadorned and inglorious truth about the Lusitania "settlement."

WE cannot drop the Lusitania matter without a word of warning. Germany has succeeded in escaping the penalty for an act of deliberate maleficence. The American government, which connived at her escape, should be particularly careful not to let the escape of a malefactor be converted into a triumph of German policy. The German government ordered the Lusitania to be torpedoed for the purpose of calling the attention of the United States to what it believed to be the injustice of the British maritime policy. It only succeeded in throwing into clear relief the dependence of the United States upon British sea power, and the joint responsibility of the two Powers to associate the freedom of the seas with their adequate control. The Lusitania "settlement" should not change in the least bit the existing attitude of the United States towards Great Britain. It does not license our government to bring any additional pressure on Great Britain either to lift or to legalize the embargo. If it is interpreted in that way Mr. Wilson's administration will commit the most irreparable and grievous mistake of its career. How and how much the United States protests against the British treatment of neutral commerce is a matter which the American government must settle for itself according to its own interests, and quite without reference to any jointly humiliating bargain with Germany.

WHATEVER the merits of their case, the anthracite coal operators deserve commendation for the openness of the methods by which they set their views before the public. Twenty-five years ago men in a similar situation would have fallen back upon their natural right to manage their property as they pleased, and would have repelled indignantly any suggestion that the general public should be consulted at all in the controversy. Twelve years ago they would have placed chief reliance upon the news story in friendly publications. To-day they employ the method of paid advertising, distributed apparently not with a view to controlling newspaper opinion, but according to the usual canons of commercial publicity. The public—such is the implication—is neither to be flouted nor to be hoodwinked, but to be treated as a competent judge who listens to the pleadings of paid advocates without undue suspicion and without excessive credulity.

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FRANK publicity in labor disputes represents an advance in social morality. It does not, however, insure equality before the bar of public opinion to the contending parties in a labor dispute. The anthracite coal operators can afford to pay lavishly for advertising space in which to present their claims to the public good will. The cost is a trifling item compared with the profits they reap from their business, or with the expenses they will incur if the demands of the miners are not defeated. The miners have inadequate funds to conduct the prospective struggle, and cannot afford to enter upon a similar campaign of publicity. On a vaster scale, it is the case of the rich man with a good lawyer against the poor man with only such legal service as the court may assign to him, or indeed no legal service at all. And in the case of the anthracite controversy the appeal of the paid advocate is to an interested court. "We stand for justice and cheap coal." "Gentlemen of the jury," plead the ancient Greek lawyer in his arraignment of the corn dealers, "if you vote for the execution of these men you will vindicate justice, and buy your bread cheaper in future."

IF advocates of a larger and more effective army cannot agree upon a practicable plan for improving the national military establishment, they should at least be able to agree in their opposition to vicious and abortive measures. The increasing danger is that Congress will seek to satisfy the sentiment in favor of a larger army and increase the local political capital of its members by specious "federalization" of the militia. There is only one way properly to "federalize" the state militia, which is for the regiments in the various states to reënlist as national or continental troops. A recent letter to the New York *Times* from Mr. Henry L. Stimson adds to the mass of testimony to the truth of this contention. Mr. Stimson has pointed out more clearly than anyone else the real and permanent reason why the National Guard cannot become a dependable and a sufficiently popular body of national troops. The states have used it for police purposes. They have failed to organize any professional force for the protection of life and property, and have dignified local riots into insurrections by calling out the soldiers to do ordinary police duty. As long as the National Guard owes its allegiance primarily to the state it will be constantly summoned to suppress the disorders incidental to strikes; and as long as it is liable to such summons, enlistment will be avoided by the wage-earners, upon whom a national militia needs to depend for a large part of its recruits. No matter how attractive membership in the National Guard is made, and no matter what improvements are contrived in its equipment and training, it can never become a really national military force. It is regarded with suspicion and dislike by a section of the community whose coöperation is essential to obtaining a sufficient volume of volunteers.

EX-SECRETARY STIMSON is himself cordially in favor of the administration's plan of a national militia. He prefers it because he believes that a force of 500,000 trained men is necessary as a safeguard against invasion, and because such a force cannot, in his opinion, be obtained so cheaply in any other way. We agree with him that the plan of a continental army deserves to be tried. If the advocates of military preparedness would devote their time and ingenuity to the perfection of Secretary Garrison's plan and the consequent improvement of its prospects of success, instead of basing an argument for conscription on a dubious prediction of its failure, their agitation would stand a much better chance of being fruitful. But no matter whether the continental army is or is not authorized and is or is not successful, the experiment should not stand in the way of a substantial increase in the regular army. Until 100,000 mobile troops, perfectly equipped and abundantly munitioned, can be concentrated at any threatened point, the regular army will not form any safeguard against invasion. This would mean a standing army of about 200,000 men, which if enlisted for only a short term would soon automatically create a reserve of trained soldiers of an equal or greater size. They could be recruited by paying them enough to make the service attractive. Authorization of such an army is the immediate business of Congress.

AN economic general staff for Germany, proposed to handle the problems of business reconstruction after the war, is no mere paper project like some of our plans of "mobilization of economic resources." Our industrial mobilizers have to work upon a foundation of governmental aloofness to business affairs, while the Germans have the advantages of a long tradition of cooperation between the government and private business. We are still engaged in trying to kill the trusts; the Germans long ago succeeded in domesticating them. We are just beginning to organize our banking in such a way as to insure stability in the banking organization itself; the Germans have succeeded in working out a system that affords the essential credit facilities to every enterprise, big or little, and thus insures universal stability even in the midst of crushing calamity. All the units to be organized are already catalogued by the German government, and the principles of organization have

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been tried out on a scale sufficiently large to make their wider application feasible. The staff is likely to be strongly efficient in international competition.

Mr. Wilson on the Stump

WE are warned not to make too much of the crowds that greeted the President on his recent tour. There is no doubt that an enthusiastic minority cheering at railroad stations, lining the streets, packing itself into halls, can create the illusion of a popular upheaval. There is no really objective test of public opinion. Even skilled political observers who travelled with Mr. Wilson can only judge by the audience they happen to see and the fifty or sixty men and women they happen to talk with. So, failing a more exact means of judging, the President's critics are driven back on their own intuitions.

The President established his inner conviction that the nation must prepare. Whatever may have been his opinions or prejudices a year, six months, or even three months ago, the man who pleaded with the Middle West spoke from his heart. There was much in his extemporized speeches which reads like watery rhetoric, but in all of them there were short passages of self-revelation which were peculiarly effective and winning. He made it very clear what his central motives have been in the long dispute with Germany: a realization that the sentiment of the country was against war, coupled with the fact that there might be no way out of the impasse except by war. He spoke as a man who has been through an awful experience, as indeed he has. And he showed that the experience has changed him, and given him a new sense of the mechanics of world affairs. When he asked the frank question, "Do you want the situation to be such that all the President can do is to write messages and utter words of protest?" he talked as one who knew. He is not a Bryan, impervious to experience.

That confession, because it was so perfectly sincere, was a great stroke. It explained to the reasonable pacifist why Mr. Wilson had been converted to preparedness, and it at least quieted the critics who are out of patience with him. He has been writing notes because he has been trying to obey the will of the American people, and because he has no force at his command to do more than write notes. To admit all this does not imply, of course, that Mr. Wilson could not have handled the situation with a better technique. A more realistically educated diplomat might have done a better job. But the confession does admit us to the human atmosphere which determined his decisions.

This authentic personal quality was the strength of his plea. "I have come to tell you that from my own knowledge . . ." and although he told nothing that was specific, his words had behind them the prestige of his office, and the fact in everyone's mind that here was the man who had been in the midst of the storm. He squeezed every bit of advantage out of the drama in which he is the chief actor.

In the sense that it was an educative mission, the President accomplished something by his tour. He drove home the fact that he at least does not think that diplomatic victories are to be won by persuasion alone. There was none of that illusion in his speeches, and it is an illusion peculiarly dangerous to America. Then, too, he did fine service in not holding up the bogey of invasion. In this matter he was at once more honest and more enlightening than most of the defence societies. Mr. Wilson did not say: you may have to fight to preserve your isolation. He said: you may have to fight to enforce ideals that you believe in. There were a few careless lapses into jingo panic, especially when he talked about a supreme navy. But the main insistence was that we are arming to defend not our territory, but certain policies and ideals.

What policies and what ideals was left rather vague. The guarantee to Pan-America was emphasized, but Mr. Wilson did not explain against whom and for what we are to protect this hemisphere. He made it clear that he is in favor of abandoning the Philippines, taking the high ground that we have promised to abandon them, and avoiding scrupulously any allusion to Japan and the Far East and California. He made a rather conventional and in our opinion thoughtless reference to "entangling alliances," for it is clear that his promises to Pan-America cannot be fulfilled by the United States alone. In regard to the controversy with England he said nothing which emerged from the limbo of "rights," or which may not be construed as foreshadowing anything from a mere legal argument to an unlimited assertion of the American case. His whole attitude towards the British Empire was uninspired by any constructive vision of the Anglo-American future.

There are many things one may wish the President had said, a few that he had left unsaid, but the success and value of his tour cannot be denied. It has disappointed his bitterest critics. Mr. Wilson emerged from his seclusion, spoke with much frankness about himself, and cleared the air a good deal. He showed no unexpected grasp either of foreign policy or of diplomatic method. He remained the somewhat confused though entirely well-meaning amateur. He poured forth an unusual amount of banal spread-eaglism. His strength came from his humility and his instinct for the traditional sentiment of America.

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A Tariff Board

THE project of an expert board or commission to occupy itself with tariff questions appears to be in fair way of realization. The Republican party has long been committed in principle to a tariff board, and with the Democratic administration in the ranks of the converts, apparently nothing remains unsettled but details of organization and function. Shall we have a permanent non-partisan board, with discretionary power to change rates according to broad principles of public utility? Or shall the board merely serve to assemble information for the use of Congress in the legislative work of tariff-making?

There can be no question that the most ardent advocates of the proposition to establish a tariff board incline decidedly toward the permanent body with full power to make rates. To take the tariff out of politics: what could bring greater relief to business exposed under the existing system to revolutionary changes with each change of administration? Unfortunately, there is not the least possibility that a tariff board with full powers would outlast the power of the party creating it. The tariff is destined to remain in politics for the simple reason that the issues involved in tariff-making lie at the very heart of our politics as at present organized. Sectional differences, the differences between primary and secondary industries, the differences between large-scale enterprise and petty industry, between agriculture and the urban centers, all inevitably find expression in tariff policy. So long as the fundamental interests clash, a tariff can only be a compromise, arrived at after a trial of strength. Moreover, no finality in tariff policy is possible, since the relative strength of the interests affected is subject to rapid change. At a given time industry may be able to impose burdens upon agriculture, but how shall a tariff board determine whether such burdens are just and reasonable? How shall it forecast the progress of agrarian political organization, and abate the burdens on agriculture in time to obviate a political struggle? A tariff board with "full powers" to fix the tariff rates scientifically is an absurdity. The tariff problem is not a scientific problem in its fundamentals. We are hearing much of the analogy of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but this analogy is deceptive. The principles of railway rate-making are agreed upon: freedom from discrimination, reasonable rates, a sufficient return on railway property to maintain the service and to provide incentives to enterprise and improvement. What the rate should be in the concrete instance may be an extremely difficult question to solve, but it can none the less be approached by scientific methods.

This does not mean that the tariff board should not be entrusted with certain discretionary powers over rates of duty. The intentions of Congress as expressed in a tariff law are not self-executing, and the power of issuing supplementary regulations, even involving changes in duty rates, may properly be entrusted to the tariff board. Free trade and protection alike contemplate a definite relation between domestic and foreign production prices. This relation is disturbed whenever a foreign government grants direct export premiums or low export rates on government railways or subsidized ships. It is also disturbed when monopolistic combinations of producers make excessively low foreign prices, recouping their losses on the export trade in the home market. We may cite the practices of the German coal and iron syndicates in recent years. The coal combine granted lower prices to steel manufacturers who agreed to export their product; the producers of steel billets furnished material at cut prices to makers of rails and structural shapes for export. In the case of certain highly elaborated products, four or five export subsidies operated cumulatively, with the result of creating a highly favorable situation in foreign markets. These rebates or subsidies varied according to general conditions of business. In good times, when foreign prices were good, no subsidies were granted; in ordinary times they ranged from one to three per cent; in times of industrial depression they sometimes exceeded five per cent. To meet such conditions as these by ordinary legislation is impossible. An expert body with considerable administrative latitude is imperatively needed.

These are indeed exceptional circumstances; subsidized exports have never figured for more than a small fraction in the foreign trade of any country. But every instance of this character creates a disproportionate panic in the market where it appears. We have not forgotten the gloomy forebodings of British manufacturers fifteen years ago when they became alive to the appearance in the British market of subsidized products "made in Germany"; for a time it seemed that England might be frightened out of her traditional policy of free trade. It would help greatly to stabilize public opinion on the tariff question if we had an administrative board with power to take prompt action to check "dumping." Of course foreign governments would retaliate. Our manufacturers would find it increasingly difficult to sell abroad at cut prices. But it would be a good thing if the practice could be made to disappear. There is not an honest word to be said in its behalf.

A tariff board, in the very nature of the case, would organize the vast mass of material bearing upon the tariff that now is accumulating in other

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administrative departments. It would also serve to concentrate attention upon the gaps in our existing body of tariff information, and devise means for supplying them. In so far, also, the board, although possibly organized with a partisan purpose, would meet general needs. Its services would be useful in revising the tariff either downward or upward. Our experience with Schedule K under the Payne-Aldrich act will be recalled. Hardly anyone not in the employ of the textile interests was possessed of sufficient information to form a clear idea of the workings of this schedule. A few Congressmen strove devotedly to familiarize themselves with the technique of the textile trades; the untimely death of the late Senator Dolliver was popularly attributed to overwork on Schedule K. Most of our elected representatives, however, never got beyond very hazy conceptions of the measure they were to vote upon. They acted upon faith, and, as events proved, a remarkably delusive faith. If they could have availed themselves of the services of an able and well organized board of experts, possessed of as much information on textiles as the manufacturers themselves, and capable of taking a disinterested view, if not of the public welfare, at least of the interests of the Republican party, Schedule K would have been differently written, and much of our recent history would have worn a different political color.

Politics Against the Schools

MR. W. G. WILLCOX'S election as president of the New York Board of Education should mean a new and progressive regime for that sorely tried educational system. The new majority, which represents the policies of the fusion administration, has a remarkable chance to put an end to the political manipulation and intrigue which marked the domination of President Churchill, and showed up the demoralization of an entrenched and formalistic public school system. An able and ambitious leader had used his majority in the Board to build up a political machine, and was willing to disorganize the service, block the solution of pressing problems, in order to further his personal ambitions. His final and most audacious act was an attempt to stampede organized labor in his favor by raising the Rockefeller bugaboo. At the last he left no doubt in the mind of the public that the fight was a straight one between himself and the fusion administration, and that educational policy had been but a pawn in the political game. New York has had an excellent lesson in the Tammanyizing of education. The new majority will do well to show that that lesson has been learned, and save the city from its present unenviable position in the educational world.

It is unfortunate that the Gary plan had to be made the chief weapon in a political struggle that has been raging since the beginning of the school year. Unpalatable as school reform was to the old-line schoolmen, they found strength for their distaste in the attitude of the majority of the Board of Education. All the pedagogic virus of the old system has been brought to light. An extraordinary number of reasons has been found why the Gary plan should not be extended. The personal dignity of the New York schools has been asserted. It was discovered that the Board of Estimate in reducing the school budget was coercing the educational authority against the laws of the state. The cry of educational freedom was raised. The anger of teachers, principals and superintendents, trained to obey a rigid school system, was fanned at this "dictation from City Hall." A remarkable outburst of provincial jealousy against Superintendent Wirt took place. An organized campaign was begun against him and against the Gary plan. Industrious principals toured the city rousing the public to indignation. Parents' and teachers' associations passed resolutions condemning every feature of an educational reform the only purpose of which was to provide enriched elementary schools for their children, with the vocational opportunities so sorely needed. The provision whereby children may be released from the longer school day for neighborhood or church work was discovered to be an insidious and heinous attempt to force religion into the public schools. Protestant ministers fanned the discordance between Jew and Gentile. Anti-papal bigots denounced a plan which the Catholic personnel of the public school system was doing its utmost to defeat. Anti-Gary leagues were formed among mothers. Articulate emotion was plentifully shed at meetings all over the city. The controversy threatened to take on all the semblance of a crusade. The educational significance of the Wirt school plan was almost entirely lost sight of in heat, ignorance and prejudice.

Nevertheless, for political purposes nothing could have been more happy. Since the fusion city administration stood for the Gary plan, all those who were interested in defeating the administration found their clue in opposing the plan. Gary became the test issue for a formidable line-up. President Churchill's followers found their political capital in the economy program of the administration. Reform governments in New York always find themselves playing the role of retrenchers, cleaning up after the wastefulness of the "bad" administration which they have succeeded. Their economy and efficiency then make the reformers so unpopular that they are soon turned out of office by

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those who will set the funds flowing freely again. The drouth which the Board of Education experienced could be played up to the gallery. The fact that the Gary plan was economical could be represented as its deadliest vice. "Sacrificing the children for dollars!" could be made the cry, and the extension of the Gary plan represented as a cold-blooded device to save money for the administration at the expense of the minds and souls of little children.

Two facts could be ignored by the public: one, that the educational administration was notoriously inefficient and wasteful, incapable of any constructive policy of educational engineering; the other, that the outstanding feature of the Gary plan is its creative economy. The city that adopts it gets a school of to-morrow with the funds of to-day. Money saved on school-plants and overhead charges goes into enriched school facilities and expert teaching. At the same time the plan works only if the school has these facilities. The economy is possible only in alliance with the enrichment. Superintendent Wirt demonstrated that New York could save money on its schools only by modernizing them and adopting the duplicate-school plan. It was upon this basis that the Board of Estimate made its offer of five million dollars for the immediate extension of the Gary plan. The question was not at all the disorganization of the schools by the introduction of a radically new plan, but the initiation of a constructive educational policy which should put New York in line with the best municipal efforts in the country in providing adequate schooling and vocational opportunities for city children. It was not even a question whether the Gary plan was the perfect school for all time, but merely whether it did not offer the most fruitful solution for problems which were becoming insoluble according to the traditional system of elementary education.

Politics prevented any such consideration of the matter. The Churchill regime relied upon the advice of its well-trained Board of Superintendents, who insisted that the Gary school was still an "experiment," and disapproved it as "pedagogically unsound." Such expert opinion meant almost nothing, for it is obviously unfair to ask schoolmen to be their own judge, jury and executioner. These "experts" are products of the New York system itself, routineer administrators rather than educators. For them to approve the Gary plan would be to condemn their own life-work.

Fortified by such "expert" opinion, the Board proceeded to accept the budget of 1915-16 and then pose as the victim of economy. Rather than accept the alien but effective Gary plan, rather than revise their own administration, they have set the Board of Superintendents to the amputation of parts of the school service—the disbanding of special classes, eliminating industrial subjects from evening schools, reducing public lectures, increasing the size of classes in elementary schools, etc. The attempt to disorganize the kindergartens by introducing a double-session plan which would reduce them to the status of day-nurseries was frustrated by legal proceedings. The demoralization in the teaching personnel is already extreme. In order to avoid "crippling the schools" by the Gary plan, the Board has crippled them in its own drastic and mischievous way. Politically the scheme was Machiavellian, for the entire opprobrium could be thrown on the Board of Estimate which "allowed insufficient money for the needs of the schools." Not its own inefficiency but the stinginess of the administration has received the blame for the school system. And the more the schools can be crippled the worse the city officials appear, and the greater will be public resentment against a Mayor who denied to little children their fundamental rights. In order to save themselves the Churchill majority was willing to scuttle the ship. The president's own metaphor, on the occasion of his defeat this week, of "going down with his ship," was more significant than he realized.

It is this demoralized school system which the new progressive majority has before it to reconstruct. The undertaking is one of the most important and comprehensive that this country has even seen. The radical replacement of a formalistic mechanical school system of yesterday by the Wirt "school of to-morrow" is an enterprise of momentous significance to nearly a million children. As Professor John Dewey has said, no more important issue has come before the people of the city of New York for years.

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The British Imperial Problem

(I) The Dominions

POLITICAL evolution during the past three centuries has been characterized by the more or less complete adoption of English political institutions by nearly the entire civilized world, and by the gradual inclusion of an ever-growing portion of humanity within the limits of the international state so misleadingly designated as the British Empire. The little sea-girt isle of Shakespeare's time, with a population of only five millions, has become the center of a loosely knit political system embracing more than one-quarter of the world's inhabitants and covering about one-fifth of its area. As practically no attempt had been made to direct this Empire's growth according to preconceived plans of uniformity, its resulting diversity precludes a rigid classification of its elements. The Empire may, however, be divided into four fairly distinct parts: the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the self-governing Dominions, the Dependent Empire, and the Crown Colonies. The latter are in themselves of infinite diversity, and although each has its own problems, their total population is relatively small, and their political status is mainly determined by the fact that they are imperial outposts whose chief function is to secure the safety of communications in the far-flung Empire, so aptly called "that new Venice whose streets are the oceans." The future relations of Great Britain to the Dominions, on the other hand, have not yet been definitely determined; and upon their final adjustment is contingent a satisfactory settlement of those ethical and political problems that have arisen from the contact of the progressive West with the backward and more or less stationary peoples of the world.

The Dominions—each mistress in her own house—are self-governing communities of a democratic type which in the cases of New Zealand and Australia is of so advanced a character that it represents the *Ultima Thule* of many social reformers in other lands. When, during the early Victorian period, was established in Canada the system of responsible government upon which this development is based, all but a carefully remembered corporal's guard of England's public men regarded this step as precursor to the Empire's disintegration. The rest were agreed upon this inevitable outcome, though they envisaged it with varying attitudes ranging from trepidation through indifference to positive relief. But practically no one contemplated the use of force to prevent it. Even a generation later, when imperial federation became a much discussed question as a result of Seeley's writings and of Parkin's activities, few judged that the Empire's integrity would be able to stand the shock of a foreign war. It is not surprising that Lord Morley's imagination could not then conceive of Australia participating in some future war "for the defence of Belgian neutrality," but the father of the modern imperial movement, Joseph Chamberlain, was at the time somewhat similarly pessimistic. It is a far cry from those days to the grim present when the Dominion troops are conspicuously active on the plains of Flanders and have proven their mettle amidst the hills of Gallipoli Peninsula. What has brought about this change of temper?

In reality, despite the confident predictions of public leaders, there was in the mass of men in Britain and in the Dominions no desire for absolute separation, but each community wished to work out its own destiny unfettered by outside interference. Thirty years ago the interests common to the various groups were abnormally inconspicuous, primarily because the international situation was such that Great Britain's supremacy at sea seemed unassailable. As a consequence, each one of the Dominions had apparently before it the prospect of the undisturbed development of its own individual life, and the dangers from which the British navy protected them seemed scarcely to be real ones. But this calm rapidly gave place to a period of keen international rivalry. The rise of Japan, to a limited extent also the imperialism of the United States, but above all the emergence of Germany as a world Power with alarmingly vague ambitions and prone to extemporize vital interests in whatever quarter of the globe the waters might be troubled, brought the Dominions face to face with the underlying facts of international relations. They realized then for the first time that their future development depended upon their connection with one another and with Britain. As the international situation became more acute the desire for a closer union became stronger, and a growing number of men unconsciously transferred their primary allegiance from the local community to the world-wide state of which it constituted merely a member. The ensuing demand for greater cohesion is the essential feature of recent British imperialism.

In facing the changed international situation the Dominions could not escape a realization of the importance of imperial defense. Hitherto, as in

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our colonial days, the burden of imperial defense had rested almost exclusively upon the taxpayers in Britain, whose broad shoulders were beginning to feel the strain. The situation was not only anomalous and inequitable, it was also totally out of harmony with the newer concept of imperial relations which predicated "equality of status, though not of stature" between the Dominions and Britain. It is to the credit of the Dominions—primarily New Zealand, Australia, and Canada—that they chafed at the undignified immaturity inseparable from their position as protected communities, and voluntarily sought to assume their share of the burden. But in attempting to find some practical means to effect this, they could not fail to realize that their deeply cherished and much vaunted autonomy was incomplete, in that they had no control over foreign policy and no voice in the decisive issue of peace or war. Their destiny was not in their own hands, but was determined for them by others. Whether, as in Australia, local navies were to be created, or, as was proposed in Canada, funds were to be granted for strengthening the British navy, mattered not; in both cases the Dominions would have no direct voice in deciding why, when, and how these armaments were to be used. In fundamental analysis it was the same difficulty that had brought about the American War of Independence, the impossibility of a complete reconciliation of *libertas* with *imperium* under the existing political machinery. Canada's decision as interpreted by Laurier, "If you want our help, call us to your councils," was far from ignored in England, but the new institutions that had been devised to meet the demand for greater imperial coöperation were not adapted to the purpose. The Imperial Conferences at which the Dominion Ministers met their British colleagues every four years, and the occasional presence of colonial statesmen at the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defense, however admirable for the purpose of mutual enlightenment, did not meet the situation. Under the system of responsible government the executive cannot follow the commands of several entirely distinct legislatures and electorates. The Cabinet carrying on the foreign policy of the British Empire has perforce to act in conformity with the views of the legislature to which it is responsible, and Parliament can in turn embody only the will of the people that elect it. As long as there is no distinctly imperial legislature in which the Dominions are represented, they can have no deciding voice and must remain political minors. Their interests may be fully considered and their views may have considerable influence, but the ultimate decision will rest with others.

For some time before the war considerable groups of men throughout the Empire had recognized that the desire for greater coöperation could not find adequate expression in existing institutions, and that a radical readjustment was necessary if the Empire was to perdure. The fierce struggle in which the Empire is now involved has greatly strengthened its solidarity and has brought home to rapidly increasing numbers the necessity of creating institutions to correspond with these political forces. From all corners of the Empire the leaders are proclaiming that after the conclusion of peace must come the work of political reconstruction.

There are in general two schools of thought. One trusts to the slow and almost spontaneous elaboration of machinery to meet each exigency as it may arise, and is on the whole inclined to see in the closest of alliances the best safeguard of the Empire's integrity. The other deems this but a transitory makeshift, and believes that only in organic union will be found a permanent solution such as the swelling sentiment for closer coöperation demands. After having viewed the subject from every angle, its leaders have reached the conclusion that as all previous alliances and confederations were merely short-lived expedients, there is no reason to assume that in the case of the British Empire such an arrangement would be any more lasting. An indissoluble alliance is a contradiction in terms. To those who object that the proposal to create the necessary instruments by a written document is contrary to British practice, they point out that such procedure was necessary to bring about the union of England and Scotland and to establish the existing governments of Canada, Australia, and South Africa; and that this course cannot be avoided whenever two states are voluntarily to be brought into organic union. While basing their arguments to a great extent upon the experience of the past, they naturally lay stress upon the needs of the present and of the future. The futility of the Imperial Conference for the purpose of giving the Dominions a voice in the Councils of the Empire was demonstrated when this year's scheduled meeting had to be cancelled. In this crisis of the Empire's history all but one of the governments concerned agreed that it was inexpedient to call together the Council, which in the eyes of many is to be the central organ of the future imperial government. Opponents of this plan of federation point to the response of the Dominions to the Empire's need during the war, but they fail to regard the not far distant future when, with the population of the Dominions in excess of that of Great Britain, divergent views and interests will arise that may not be reconciled unless the citizen's dedication to the commonwealth as a whole prevails over his local patriotism. Since the movement has as firm a grip on the Dominions as on Great Britain,

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if not a firmer one, its purpose is obviously not to perpetuate British ascendency. Its object is rather to divest Great Britain of sole authority and exclusive responsibility in many vital matters, and a future is calmly faced in which the center of gravity in the Empire may shift to America, Australasia or Africa, as the course of social evolution may decide.

In brief, the project demands the creation of a purely imperial legislature, entirely distinct from the present British Parliament, and representative of one electorate scattered throughout the Dominions and Great Britain. Under the system of responsible government in which the legislature controls the administration of the laws as well as their enactment, it implies a purely imperial cabinet of ministers. As only those concerns common to the component communities require transference to the jurisdiction of this imperial government, its scope will be limited, but it must necessarily have complete control over foreign policy, defence and the dependencies, with authority to levy taxes for these services.

This movement runs parallel to the course of civilization, which tends towards the progressive substitution of reason and justice for force in adjusting the affairs of mankind by means of the voluntary integration of increasingly large political entities. But whether what Lord Milner calls "the stubborn and refractory material" of which the Empire is composed is in the near future to be welded into organic union depends upon many incalculable factors, of which not the greatest is the exact outcome of an internecine war. Many obstacles must be overcome and many cherished political traditions must be discarded. There is the difficulty of perfecting an effective imperial organization which will not interfere with the complete control over internal development that will have to be assured to each of the Dominions, including Great Britain. In ultimate analysis the problem is a psychological one, and success depends upon the extent to which it can be brought home to Britain, Canada, and Australasia that the preservation of their common civilization, as well as the unfettered development of those features that distinguish each of these distinct societies, can be secured only by the formation of an organic commonwealth of kindred nations.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.

The Fetich of Free Enterprise

A GREAT British economist, in a studied endeavor at once to characterize the existing economic system scientifically and to justify it morally, hit upon the seductive formula, "Ours is an age of free enterprise." What is more admirable than enterprise, or more moral than that it should be free? In our excellent modern world some must be winners and happy, some must be losers and grieve. But on the whole it is a good game and a fair game. A marshal's baton in every knapsack; a career for every talent; a fair field and no favor—these are only different readings of the same formula. In every reading the formula is inspiriting.

It is admitted by every defender of the system of free enterprise that the theory is not realized in facts. Hereditary wealth still counts, but as Professor Carver has demonstrated, this is a difficulty that disappears if you take a long-run view, and regard the game of life as one played by family stocks rather than by individuals. Family connections, social position, traditional culture also count; but these too fade from the vision if you accompany Professor Carver into No Man's Land of his long-run abstractions. Education and training count, but our democracy is doing its very best to equalize opportunities in this respect.

The principle, it is alleged, will work more perfectly in the future than it has in the past. And even in the past it has worked fairly well. Consider the multitudes of men who have risen from mean circumstances to exalted station. This was something that did not happen, we are told, under earlier ages of fixed social-economic status.

We assume, then, that the game is perfectly fair, and that merit alone determines the distribution of rewards. Does it follow that the game is a good one, adapted to the development of what is best in the character of the contestants? Does it even follow that it is adapted to the development of those traits that prove useful in winning the game? It will be worth our while to look a little more closely into sporting experience before we identify a fair game with a good one.

Say that we are organizing a foot-race for a hundred contestants. Is it a matter of indifference how we distribute the prize money—whether we fix one prize of a thousand dollars, ten prizes of one hundred dollars, or fifty prizes of twenty dollars? It is certainly not a matter of indifference if what we want to encourage is the art of running. With only one prize, not five out of the hundred will put forth their best efforts. With ten prizes a majority will

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do their best, and with fifty prizes everyone will be stirred to good speed. It is true, the few swiftest will not run so frantically for the larger chance of a petty prize. But the broader the basis of prize-giving short of approximate universality, the greater the volume of effort induced. The game would be still better if prizes were graded, so as to give just enough inducement but not too much to the superior runners. But the principle is already clear. A game of skill is not sufficiently defended if all that can be said for it is that it is fair. A single prize or fifty, it is all one from the point of view of fairness. The game must also arrange its prizes in such a way as to evoke maximum effort. One prize will not do this, but fifty may. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this point, for the game in mind is the game of life. What guaranty have we that our present economic system is distributing prizes in such a way as to make the game a good one? None whatever. Whether the prizes are few and large or many and modest is a matter of historical chance. Without prejudice to its claims to fairness, the present economic system, we may assert, varies from place to place and from time to time in the adequacy of its scheme for distributing prizes.

If we inquire into the historical conditions determining the distribution of prizes for enterprise, we are startled to find that this distribution is best in times of swift change. The baton in the private soldier's knapsack was of real value in the Napoleonic wars. Mortality in the higher ranks was excessive, and the expanding scale of armaments still further increased the chances of promotion. Any private in the German army to-day may conceivably rise to the rank of Field-Marshal. But from the outset of the war the German army was of full magnitude, with provision for the succession to each office that might fall vacant. To the Napoleonic private soldier the baton was something to strive for; to the private soldier in the European armies of to-day it is something merely to dream about.

With the prizes of industry the case is similar. Talent receives its proportionate reward most surely in periods of rapid expansion. Free enterprise worked most effectively in England after the downfall of Napoleon, when all the harbors of the world became hospitable to British trading ships and every industry was forced into rapid expansion. In the United States successive zones of development have rewarded the successive generations of the enterprising, down to yesterday. But periods of industrial transmutation and of exploitative pioneering are self-limiting. Crystallization supervenes, and with it a narrowing of the range of prizes, a concentration in the upper reaches.

It is more difficult in the present time to launch a modest business and push it through to success than it was fifty years ago. It is more difficult to get a start in law, medicine, engineering, or any other profession. On the other hand, the business and professional men who have arrived are more amply rewarded than ever before in history. And while this concentration is taking place, the democracy, still cherishing the fetich of free enterprise, provides constantly ampler facilities for raising men to the level where careers seem indispensable to satisfactory living. The gates grow narrower, and the admission tickets are vastly multiplied. The result is a crush, a confusion, bitterness of spirit, and talents wasted.

It will not do to fix the rules of the game of economic success and leave the system of prizes to blind chance. That is the way to create a tragic and sinister social class, an intellectual proletariat. It is the way to substitute faith in luck and reliance upon intrigue, for creative ambition and personal initiative. If society is to remain healthy it must address itself to the problem of creating new opportunity, accessible to barehanded talent.

Nor is the task impossible. The economic force that is making insurmountable the first steps in the ascent to success is nothing but the increasing capital required. If we choose to do so we can create institutions to provide budding enterprise with capital. We educate a young man in a college of agriculture. Provided the education is sound, we make him competent to manage a large farm, of which we have hundreds of thousands incompetently managed. He has no capital. What do we advise him to do? Teach school, do experiment station work, serve as manager on a city man's landed estate until he has saved money enough for an initial payment on an appropriate tract of land. A little arithmetic will show that he cannot wisely touch land of his own for ten years, and in that period the chances are strong that the employee spirit fastens itself upon him, eating out his native enterprise. Yet capital in his charge could have been made to yield better returns than in coal mines or steel.

Alongside of our great industries there is room for innumerable small industrial establishments, creating the products of taste and convenience in which our society is so barren as compared with that of a country like France. We train young men in arts and crafts, to what end? To become cogs in industrial machines. They are excluded from opportunity to meet our need, not by want of talent nor by want of enterprise. The obstacle they encounter is lack of capital. It might be profitable to invest capital under their management. But we have never given serious thought to the problem of creating institutions appropriate to this work.

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Modern industrial society is based on capital. Whether a given industrial field shall grow green and luxuriate or turn yellow and dry up, depends chiefly on the direction of the flow of capital. Whether we broaden the opportunities of life for persons of talent and enterprise or restrict them, depends upon how we manage the flow of capital. Whether we succeed in multiplying opportunities or leave talent to waste under the régime of blind chance, determines the soundness or unsoundness of our social system. Do we do well in leaving the control of the capital flow entirely to private initiative?

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

Telegrams

IN my simple world a cablegram is so rare that I should treasure the mere envelope. I should not be likely to resurrect it. It would be buried in a bureau, like a political badge or a cigar-cutter—but there is a silly magpie in every man and a cable I would preserve. To discuss cablegrams or even cut-rate wireless, however, would be an affectation. These are the orchids of communication. It is the ordinary telegram I sing.

There was a magnificence about a quick communication in the days before the Western Union. Horsemen went galloping roughshod through scattering villages. It was quite in order for a panting messenger to rush in, make his special delivery, and drop dead. This has ceased to be his custom. In Mr. Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" there is one omission. He neglected to deal with that great adept in leisure, the messenger-boy. "Messenger-boy" is a misnomer. He is either a puling infant or a tough, exceedingly truculent little ogre of uncertain age and habit. His life is consecrated. He cares for nothing except to disprove the axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Foreseeing this cult of the messenger service, the designers of the modern American city abandoned all considerations of beauty, mystery and suggestion in an heroic effort to circumvent the boy in blue. But the boy in blue cannot be beaten. By what art he is selected I know not. Whether he is attributable to environment or heredity I dare not guess. But with a possible inferiority to his rival the coat-room boy, and of course nature's paradox the crab, he is supreme.

It is not a telegram in its last stages that has magic. Much better for the purposes of drama to have Cleopatra receive a breathless minion, not a laconic imp with a receipt to be signed. Yet a telegram has magic. If you are hardened you do not register. It is the fresh who have the thrill. But no one is totally superior to telegrams. Be you ever so inured, there is one telegram, *the* telegram, which will find your core.

Sometimes at a hotel-desk I stand patiently aside while an important person, usually a man but occasionally a woman, gets a handful of mail without any sign of curiosity, and goes to the elevator without even sorting out the wires. Such persons are marked. They are in public life. It is pardonable. There must be public men and public women. I should not ask anyone to give up his career for the peculiar ecstasies of the telegram. But no one can deny that these persons have parted with an essence of their being. What if I find a solitary notice? "It is under your door." I bolt for the elevator, thrilled, alive.

It may be suggested that my over-laden predecessors are not in public life, that they are very distinguished, very wealthy personages, receiving private advices as to their stocks, their spouses, their children, their wine-bin, their plumbing, or any other of their responsibilities, accessories, possessions. With every deference I answer that you are mistaken. Unless their riches are in a stocking, these are the custodians of tangible goods and chattels. Their title may be secure, but not their peace of mind. Whatever they may wish, they are obliged to administrate. Whoever their attorney, the law of gravitation keeps pulling, pulling at their chandeliers. And so in some degree they are connected with, open to, shared by, innumerable people. Without necessarily being popular, they are in the center of a populace. They have to meet, if only to repel, demands. I do not blame them for thus being public characters. It is often against their desires. But being called upon to convert a part of their souls into a reception-room, a place where people can be decently bowed out as well as in, it follows that they give up some of their ecstatic privacy in order to retain the rest. This I do not decry. For certain good and valuable considerations one might be induced to barter some of one's own choice stock of privacy, but for myself I should insist on retaining enough to keep up my interest in telegrams. To be so beset by Things as to be dogged by urgent brokers and punctilious butlers, no.

"There's a telegram upstairs for you, sir." "A telegram? How long has it been here?" "It came about half an hour ago." "Ah, thank you. . . No, never mind, I'm going upstairs." What may not this sort of banality precede? Perhaps another banality, in ink. But not always. A telegram is an arrow that is aimed to fly straight and drive deep. Whether from friend or rival, whether verdict or appeal, it may lodge where the heart is, and stay. From an iron-nerved ticker the message has come,

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singing enigmatically across the country. But there is a path that leaps out of the dingy office to countless court-rooms, business buildings, homes, hospitals. That office is truly a ganglion from which piercing nerve-fibres curve into the last crevices of human lives. When you enter it to send a telegram it may depress you. You submit your confidence across a public counter. But what does it matter to a creature glazed by routine? He enumerates your words backwards, contemptuous of their meaning. To him a word is not a bullet—just an inert little lump of lead.

Some messages come with a force not realizable. Tragedy dawns slowly. The mind envisages, not apprehending. And then, for all the customary world outside, one is penned in one's trouble alone, like those sailors who were imprisoned in a vessel on fire in the Hudson. Cut off from escape, red-hot iron plates between them and the assuaging waters on every side, they could see the free, could cry out to them, could almost touch hands. But they had met their fate. It is strange that by a slip of paper one may meet one's own. There are countries to-day where the very word telegram must threaten like a poised spear. And such wounds as are inflicted in curt official words time is itself often powerless to heal. As some see it, dread in suspense is worse than dreadful certainty. But there are shocks which are irreparable. It is cruel to break those shocks, crueller to deliver them.

All urgency is not ominous. If, like a religion, the telegram attends on death, it attends no less eagerly on love and birth. "A boy arrived this morning. Father and child doing well"—this is more frequently the tenor of the wire. And the wire may be the rapier of comedy. Do you remember Bernard Shaw's rebuff to Lady Randolph Churchill for asking him to dinner? He had the vegetarian view of eating his "fellow-creatures." He chided her for inviting a person of "my well-known habits." "Know nothing of your habits," came Lady Randolph's blithe retort, "hope they're better than your manners."

The art of the telegram is threatened. Once we struggled to put our all in ten words—simple, at least, if not sensuous and passionate. Now the day-letter and night-letter seduce us into garrulity. No transition from Greek to Byzantine could be worse than this. We should resist it, as we resist all profligacy. The time will doubtless come when our descendants will recall us as austere and frugal in our use of the telegram. But we should preserve this sign of our Spartan manhood. Let us defer the softness and effeminacy of long, cheap telegrams. Let us remain primitive, virginal, terse.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Plato, Dante and Bernard Shaw

ACCORDING to Bernard Shaw, most of the critics who have been talking about "Major Barbara" are fools and liars. Not that he has bestowed these names on any of them individually, but it would seem to be a fair inference from the final sentence of his preface to the play. "This play of mine, 'Major Barbara,'" he says in that last sentence, "is, I hope, both true and inspired; but whoever says that it all happened, and that faith in it and understanding of it consist in believing that it is a record of an actual occurrence, is, to speak according to Scripture, a fool and a liar, and is hereby solemnly denounced and cursed as such by me, the author, to all posterity." In the face of this appeal and of the plain testimony of the play itself, the critics proceed to take "Major Barbara" as a literal transcript from life instead of as a work of creative art, with the result that they have been saying preposterous things about it.

Some of them appear to find it the most brutal document in militarist literature, which is an odd thing to think of a play that is all about religion. Others find it so pacific that they conjecture it to have been the inspiration of Henry Ford, which seems equally queer in view of the part played in it by cannon and gunpowder. Many of them complain that Shaw gets nowhere in the last act, which is like saying that Bunyan gets nowhere at the end of "The Pilgrim's Progress." And practically all of them talk about Barbara's ultimate conversion as if it were the surrender of salvation to worldly power—which leaves totally out of account the fact that conversion does not turn on whether you accept a thing or not, but on what you do with it after you have accepted it. Barbara and her husband accept the cannon factory. But does not Barbara vow to die with the colors, and does not Cusins promise to make war on war? The trouble with every one of these judgments is that the critic is blind to the poetry of the play. To talk of the poetry in Bernard Shaw may sound absurd to people brought up on nineteenth century definitions of poetry; but others, if they have read and seen Shaw with their imaginations, will understand the statement that to be blind to the poetry of one of his plays is generally to miss its main point.

To read "John Bull's Other Island," for instance, and miss the fact that the firm of Broadbent and Doyle prefigures a real as contrasted with a merely nominal union of England and Ireland, is to read that play prosaically and to miss its creative mainspring. To read "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and miss the fact that the

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story of the estate in the West Indies is an allegory of the land situation in England and its relation to the law, is to read that incident prosaically and miss its principal dynamic implication. To read the last words of Androcles to the Lion, "Come, Tommy. Whilst we stand together, no cage for you, no slavery for me," and not to see that Shaw is saying that when power and genuine Christianity join hands the freedom of the world will be achieved, is to read those words prosaically and to miss the entire import of the play. For "a parable," as the Devil observes in "Man and Superman," "must not be taken literally."

To fail to catch touches like these in writers whose philosophy is an incidental part of their work may be to miss the incidental, but to miss them in an author whose philosophy is the core of his art is to miss the whole point. Ideas follow one another so fast in Shaw's dialogue that we forget that they play an even more important part in his architecture. The intellectual structure of his plays is hidden by the everlasting loquacity of his characters. But it is there just the same. It happens that "Major Barbara," more almost than any other play of Shaw's, needs to be read with an eye to what may be called its structural ideas. Perhaps that is why the author saw fit to insert that warning in his preface.

If you take this play prosaically you will complain, as one instance of the general grotesqueness and eccentricity of its plot, that the handing on of the Undershaft cannon factory to a foundling through so many generations is grossly improbable. If you take the play poetically you will perceive in this part of the story the truth that power properly descends not to the son and heir but to the strong and fit. If you take the play prosaically you will shudder at Shaw's profanity in having Major Barbara say, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and you will be pleased at the stage settings of the last scene, especially by the "pretty pink light" (to appropriate a phrase from a lady behind me at the Playhouse) from the blast furnaces. If you take the play poetically you will see that Barbara is crucified in act two and descends into hell in act three. If you take the play prosaically you will see in Cusins' prospective marriage with Barbara and their acceptance of the Undershaft inheritance the conventional happy ending of a three act comedy. If you take the play poetically you will see in it Shaw's answer to the social question of our time: the declaration that religion and philosophy must join hands and seize the sources and instruments of worldly power; or, to put it less pedantically, that salvation must marry wisdom and take over the cannon factories.

If there could be any possible doubt about all this it would be set at rest by the passage in which Shaw, driven to desperation possibly by the poetic blindness of his generation, gives the whole thing away; the passage where Undershaft remarks to Cusins: "Plato says, my friend, that society cannot be saved until either the Professors of Greek take to making gunpowder, or else the makers of gunpowder become Professors of Greek." If we are among the fools to whom Shaw alludes in his preface, we probably, on hearing that sentence, mutter something about "this mountebank's inveterate tendency to turn even the most serious matters into a jest." But if we are attending to the meaning of the play, we shall look up, if we cannot recall, that great passage in The Republic where Plato declares: "Unless it happen either that philosophers acquire the kingly power in states, or that those who are now called kings and potentates be imbued with a sufficient measure of genuine philosophy, . . . there will be no deliverance, my dear Glaucon, for cities, nor yet, I believe, for the human race; neither can the commonwealth, which we have now sketched in theory, ever till then grow into a possibility and see the light of day." After reading which, the Armorer's Faith of Andrew Undershaft, "I will take an order from a good man as cheerfully as from a bad one," ought to assume clearer meaning.

But the sad fact is that the good men do not place the orders. And in that fact, as Plato and Shaw alike divine, in the divorce, namely, between spiritual insight and worldly power, lies the tragedy of humanity, a tragedy that Shaw has set forth with characteristic force and vividness in "John Bull's Other Island." It is not mere chance, I think, that "Major Barbara" follows "John Bull's Other Island" and is bound up in a single volume with it. At any rate, "Major Barbara" gives us a hint of what the union of spiritual insight and worldly power might mean for the race. But we must go back of "John Bull's Other Island" if we are to trace the evolution of this idea in Shaw's mind. "Widowers' Houses" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," among his plays, are its progenitors. Harry Trench, in the former work, discovering that he is a partner in slum landlordism, is shocked beyond measure, but recovering from the blow, conforms to the system. Vivie Warren, making a parallel discovery, washes her hands of her mother and all her mother's concerns and plunges into her own work, which, by an admirable stroke, is connected with insurance. Barbara Undershaft, awakening to a similar truth, decides, not like Trench to conform to evil, nor like Vivie Warren to reject and turn her back on it, but, like Barbara Undershaft, to accept it and use it as a weapon against itself.

"We are all in the same boat"—that truth is at

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the heart of all these plays, and as various persons are discovering, the boat gives symptoms at present of being headed for the cataract. The impulse of the weakling, after the first shock of that discovery, is to settle back and drift to destruction in good company with the devil at the oars. The first impulse of the strong man is to leap overboard, only to find himself, if he does so, more completely at the mercy of the current. The vision of the wise man tells him that the boat itself must be headed in the opposite direction, and if he is strong as well as wise, he will demand an immediate position at the oars.

On the afternoon of the day when I saw "Major Barbara" at the Playhouse I was reading the last cantos of Dante's Inferno. At eleven o'clock that night I sat looking at Barbara, Cusins, and Undershaft, grouped together in the center of the stage against a fiery background—Barbara the savior, with her love for all humanity, Cusins the poet, with his philosophic insight; Undershaft the millionaire, with his command over the powers of life and death. And suddenly, by the association of contrast, I suppose, there flashed into my mind Dante's picture of Satan, Satan with the three faces that are impotence, and ignorance, and hate. Impotence, ignorance, and hate. Power, wisdom, and love. How the two pictures lit each other up!

Plato, Dante, and Bernard Shaw—I admit the basest of motives in making that collocation. But it should be made, if for no other reason than to see who will squirm the worse—the pedantic classicist whose reverence for the great names of the past is a pose rather than a reality, or the shallow radical who thinks nothing is wisdom which was born earlier than last week.

HAROLD GODDARD.

In a Smoking-Car

I was riding—last week—in from Tuxedo,
When two fellers got in, and began
To do a regular highbrow tango.
I took it in shorthand, word for word;
Gee, some tosh! But my chief refused
To publish the stuff, so you can have it.

Get wise to the fact it's a Conversation.

The one called Jack was a sort of a bearded,
Bulky, urbane, and easygoing
Man, with a most mellifluous voice.
Louis was different. Haggard and hard-set.
But both were pariahs—outcasts—pariahs:
That is, men of so-called Culture,
Who pass their life in doing nothing
But thinking, and writing, and writing, and thinking,
And nobody cares what they write or think.
So I call them pariahs, or Indian camp-dogs,
Or niggers of genius;—in short, those two
(I hated them both) were just scraps for the scrap-heap;
Democracy doesn't need their sort.
And to prove that it doesn't, just hark and hear
To the elegant cultured yawp they let:

Louis:
Hello, Jack, are you going to town?
Just the man that I wanted to see.
I've written a poem, I'd like to read it——

Jack:
Louis, I have a play in my pocket.

Louis:
Jack, that's not funny.

Jack:
I hate all poetry.

Louis:
Oh, but this poem of mine isn't poetry,
I should rather call it strangled prose:
Just prose gone crazy.
I was too lazy
To write real prose; you know that takes time.

Jack:
Well, what's it about?

Louis:
Good Lord, man! *About?*
Why, about the war!

Jack:
I'm a pacificist.

Louis:
That's the reason I want you to hear it;
Because, when we had our last discussion——

Jack:
Yes, I remember. You said the American
Man had gone to the everlasting
'Pot' was I think the word you used.
Decadence was the connotation.
You cited Daniels, and Terre Haute,
Colorado, the Eastland disaster.
I didn't agree——

Louis:
Oh, you partly agreed
That something since the Revolution,
Since the Rebellion, something has sapped
And softened the fibre of our American.

Jack:
Oh, not at all, he's more urbane,
Has less belief——

Louis:
Dear man, I'm convinced:
There's a sickness of soul that has altered the race——

Jack:
I hold to my theory: races don't change.
Races are rock; or, if you corner me,
Races, although combined of races,
Tend to a racial uniform.
And you cannot corrupt a race,

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Alter its soul, or age it in any way:
You can destroy it.

Louis:

It can destroy itself.
Just as a madman is impelled
To starve his stomach, and presently dies
Insisting upon it that air is roast-beef;
Or poisons himself with a sweet, sure poison;
A man denatured—so we, denatured,
Feed our children on fair false truths,
Sustaining the soul of a mighty race
With sugar of lies—oh, well, you may grin,
But recall the past, and then look about you!
The American man of the Revolution
And the Civil War, whatever he lacked—
No great genius, not much wit,
Creative culture was hardly his fad,
And nothing ornate about the fellow—
But, Jack, he wasn't a hypocrite!
Not very musical, not very mellow,
But in his laws, life, labor and acts,
He had respect to the actual facts.
And that, in our world, where things cohere,
Where nothing's exceptional, nothing's odd,
That state of mind where you revere
The actual, 's called the fear of God;
All else is the worship of Dagon and Bel;
It's whoring with lies on the short line to hell.

Jack:

Louis, I hate to be instructed.
I'd rather be drowned, it's just as insulting.
And your idea of the primitive, powerful,
Sober, silent, austere, heroic
Man of the backwoods, chewing the gum
That Regulus chewed, or Cincinnatus;
Slaying the wildcat, bearding the buffalo,
Negligent, chaste, and a father of fourteen,
'Ay di mi,' Louis, all that is a myth!

—— Wait, wait! I agree: the early American
Honored the actual fairly, but
Washington, Franklin, all the fathers
Were over-rated, really they were, you know!

Louis:

Jack, was Washington's attitude
This: that the army was just a beatitude?
Did Franklin write: our navy should be
A university on the sea?
Did even Jefferson, Frenchy old faker,
Did he ever say, in a set speech, too:
"Our men of war, what are they for?
Why, they are mighty engines of goodwill;
Their errand is mercy——" or something of that sort?
I've forgotten the words he used.
By heaven, we are, we are abused
By our public men, no king so flattered!
——— I will speak on! What's a dreadnought for?
Answer: "Gentlemen, it's for war;
And war is cruelty." Do you divine it,
The author's name? "And you can't refine it."

Jack:

Louis, my hopes in you are shattered.

Louis:

If we don't know that all that is soft-soap,
Then America's fallen, there is no hope.

Jack:

Oh, Lord, your logic! My child, it reminds me,
Tossing about in an exquisite brain-storm,
Of nothing so much as a tumbler-pigeon——

Louis:

When men fear the facts they've lost their religion.
The early Puritan had no dread
Of the face of the Lord, when His face was stern,
Of Jehovah-jireh, the Nation-shaker,
Of this God-universe——

Jack:

If you are able,
Would you please to stop thumping the table?

Louis:

I say, I repeat: he—he wasn't fed
On the press, puffed rice, and feminism,
Co-educated and spinster-bred.
Imagine Jonathan Edwards now!
We're a nation of rabbits, our blood's pale pink——

Jack:

I don't care a rap for Jonathan Ed.,
And I don't believe in what you think.
Besides, I'm a Christian-Anarchist-Quaker.
And as for your early American, he too
Had just as bad habits and customs as we do;
He avoided the truth and was shy with his Maker.

Louis:

Oh, did he and was he? Jack, listen to me:
The Pilgrim Father and his lady——
They may have been lecherous, treacherous, shady,
And shifty, too, and found it handy
To abolish the Indian with cold brandy;
They may have been cruel, unwashed, and worse,
But what bird has brought you
This twitter, and taught you
They feared and denied the universe?
When He came as pestilence, war, or weevil,
Did they avert their minds from that evil?
Did they deny Him and hide from their Maker?

Jack:

Who now denies Him, and who does hide?

Louis:

And when He singled out the Bride,
When He, the heart's Shepherd, and yet the heart's Shaker,
He, clothed in Shadow, came
Fond to the fold at eventide,
And called their Best-beloved by name,
And lo, that Best-beloved was led
Away from life, away from them——
After that gust,
The first sharp rain of grief—well, well,
What then befell?

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Did they turn, did they ask
In a breath,
The woman whose ministrative task——
In short, the cold midwife of death—
Did they ask her to red that yellow cheek?
And in fact make the terrible dead less bleak?

Jack:

But do we extenuate with rose
The face of finality? Humbly I ask it.

Louis:

Go live in Kansas, or read 'The Cascet.'
Yes, it's our custom, it's what we do:
We implore, or permit the obsequious mute
To flush the face of the dear departed.

Jack:

Well, what conclusion?

Louis:

That we're faint-hearted!
Man, it's indicative: we can't stand
The storm of the universe: things must be bland.
If a fact looks ugly and final, why, blink it!
If a thought endangers your calm, don't think it.

Jack:

Ah, my dear Louis, you're very "hard,"
It's not every man who's a hero or bard.
Besides, that's all satire, that's not psychology;
And you have forgotten the part played by Lalage;
In fact, with you, analogy
Sits in the seat of biology:
Men mainly are bodies, they're foolish, and Cupid
And Bacchus combine to keep them stupid.
And as for your couple who want the corpse painted—
Well, I have no children; I don't know how
I should really feel—but I'm rather inclined
To be of their mind;
Is there anything in it so tainted?
What? You don't answer?

Louis:

Men lose their best,
And ere they lose, they love it too well.
There is no mystery, no magic
In how men feel. Suppose you had lost
A son, my friend, what would come to you
At the first sight of his body there?
I know, for I have lost: alas!

Beautiful son of man! the dew
Of the womb of the morning was on his brow,
Airs of Paradise round him blew,
And oh, from what deep wells he drew
That look of pride, not even thou,
O Death, canst wholly disallow!
Yet now, poor now!
Beautiful, and our son no more,
Abject, and with that ugly look,
That look as of the main thing gone;
And oh, we brook
How ill to gaze upon
That so-changed face! The God has flown
Out of thee, son of man, our son,
Our beautiful, our wildly-loved.
Cover the corpse. Thy will be done.
This nothing, this dear dust,
Be Thine to care for; Lord, our Maker,
In Thee we put an iron trust——
"Oh, very nice! we put our trust in ice.
Kindly embalm, and, O Undertaker,
Cast a sunrise glow, and a fresh, faint bloom
On the face of our child just to lighten the gloom."

So now where's your ancient piety fled?
And why, what's happened? What devolution
And downward slant since the Revolution?
And now that in Europe the world's at war,
And facts are facts and nothing more,
And they are not rouging the face of their slain,
The face of their young men glorious slain—
They don't—we do: Will you kindly explain?
If you can't, I can:——

Jack:

Well, for heaven's sake, read it!

Louis:

Oh, the poem? You mean my poem?

Jack:

Why, Louis, you threatened me with a poem.

Louis:

Well, Jack, in regard to the way it begins——

Jack:

I wish you'd begin by beginning, dear Louis!

Louis:

I will: the beginning is most original——

Jack:

Thanks. May I just look over your shoulder,
Just a moment?—The first two lines
Are really very—yes—but Louis,
Is there any form in your verse?
For it looks to me like Amy Lowell.

Louis:

Well, I write in free-prose; but let me explain——

Jack:

Go on, go on, you give me a pain!

Louis:

My theory is——

Jack:

Good gracious, Louis,
Here's Thirty-third Street! I tell you what,
Bring it round to the club this evening——
Over a bottle—Goodbye, old man,
I'm sure it's a grand thing. Sorry I have to
Hurry so much——Hi, porter!——Thank you!

Me, the Reporter, now speaking: Well,
Didn't I tell you they were pariahs?
Niggers of genius? Who cares what they think!
Scouts, in short. I tell you, our country's
In a bad way. . . .

LANGDON MITCHELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

How Convicts May Be Human

SIR: Mr. Hackett's article in THE NEW REPUBLIC for January 15th, "Are Convicts Human?" was of particular interest to me, as I am human and—a convict. The fact that I am both after twenty-one months of life as a convict is due only to the fixed determination with which I entered this prison, and a daily, hourly struggle against the insidious influence of the place which has so strongly fought to subjugate my humanity and create in its stead the degraded, perverted, lost animal known as the "convict"; although I am an inmate of one of the "best" prisons in the country, judged from the standpoint of buildings, government, rules and officers.

Naturally the Osborne-Reilly controversy has been the subject of earnest discussion here, and while opinion is divided as to the real merits of the case, there is no dissension from the verdict that good has come from it. Many of the so-called reforms introduced to Sing Sing by Mr. Osborne have been for a long time matters of ordinary routine in this and other well conducted prisons throughout the country, and although the last Prison Congress gave Mr. Osborne a rather severe drubbing, it was more because of his peculiar methods of publicity than through any real opposition to the theory that the chief end of a prison should be to turn back to society useful, sane, industrious men in place of the poor broken humans whom it receives.

This is a tremendous task. Everyone will admit it. But most unfortunately, of the very small number of people who give the subject a casual thought as some headline in the morning paper brings it to mind, the great majority are only too ready to agree that it is not worth while. But it *is* worth while, most decidedly so, not only from an ethical but from a purely financial and commercial standpoint. I have not the figures available, but if you should state in your paper the single item of maintenance of all the prisoners in the country for one year you would stagger the imagination of your readers, and if to that you added the statement of the proportion of these men maintained at the cost of the people in absolutely non-productive idleness, you would have a lever with which to lift the inert mass of public opinion and shake it into a realization of the seriousness of this subject.

From my own experience and observation here I am convinced that prisons can be made reformatory in their effect, but I am also convinced that they can not be made so by the adoption only of those reforms of self-government and honor systems which have created such a furor in New York. To these, good as they are, must be added a thorough training in productive and requited labor, and I am glad to say that just as the federal government has for many years pursued an enlightened policy of prison construction and management, so now it is preparing to take the most necessary and advanced step of inaugurating a system of manufactures in its three great prisons which will not only give employment to the prisoners, but will turn these nearly idle men into self-supporting members of society while they are still restrained for the necessary period of punishment for misdeeds. I refer to the recommendation of the Attorney-General contained in his last annual report, as follows: "I have in mind the installation of industries for the manufacture of supplies for the use of the government. I expect to present at the coming session of Congress a detailed plan of prison industries, including estimates of machinery, the cost of installing, price of raw material, value of finished product, character of articles to be manufactured, together with draft of legislation designed to carry the plans into effect. I shall also urge as a part of the plan the payment monthly to the families of the prisoners of a portion of the amount earned by prison labor, and in cases of single men the retention of some portion of these earnings to be paid over to them after their release from confinement."

When you give convicts plenty of productive work to do and pay them or their dependent families a fair wage for that work, you may be positively sure of an affirmative answer to your question.

H. H. PLATT.

United States Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Immigration in Harness

SIR: In a recent number of THE NEW REPUBLIC you comment on the deficient like-mindedness of the American nation, demonstrated by recent events and tendencies. The source of the evil you attribute to the massing within our midst of foreign populations due to "excessive" immigration. As a remedy you suggest for the future a policy of moderate restriction on immigration, controlled by "administrative discretion."

The policy thus outlined by you I regard as contrary to all principles of democracy, as vicious in its human implications, as pregnant with infinite possibilities of injustice and reaction. The policy is immoral as well as irrational, and seems to me to be but another manifestation of the panicky mental attitude which is also responsible for the conjuring up of the spectre of invasion and the correlated preparedness craze. The policy is irrational, for just as a military invasion of America will be less probable after the war than it was for years in the past (hence why just now "preparedness"?), so also will a peaceful invasion of our shores by masses of immigrants be less probable after the war than it was for years in the past. Never since immigration to America began did Europe need all its men, all its families, more than it will need them after the conclusion of the great conflict. The people will not want to go, for *post bellum* Europe will offer opportunities for labor, for commerce, for enterprise, unequaled by anything in the memory of living men. And whatever economic advantage may fall short of, patriotism will supply; the peoples of Europe will crave to rebuild what they have seen so wantonly destroyed. Moreover, even were the people eager to go, the governments will not let them. No one, I take it, can doubt the rationality of these predictions. Hence why just now this policy of restriction?

But the policy is also immoral. A policy of restriction guided however wisely, however delicately, by "administrative discretion," is bound to lead this country towards the goal of a narrow national ideology, fundamentally opposed to the spirit of our past, most unworthy of a democratic commonwealth which may be expected to possess in the future as it possessed in the past the idealism and the courage to throw open its doors to all those whom economic pressure, political or religious persecution, or the spirit of adventure may bring to its hospitable shores. A policy of

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restriction, no matter how carefully engineered, is certain to gain momentum, and like an avalanche, picking up in its course whatever anti-immigration sentiment it may encounter, it will, before the present generation has passed away, bury under its impact the spirit of a free country. Then the people of the United States will find themselves surrounded by a wall of prejudice, a wall easier to build than to destroy.

Far from its original source, the poisoned gases of the war carry on their work of destruction. Would you ever have advocated restriction controlled by "administrative discretion," were you not victim to the thought of the United States as "a power with international rights and obligations"? For what are the rights and obligations the fulfilment of which unrestricted immigration may impede, unless they be those called into being when a nation becomes involved in "serious trouble with a foreign country"?

A. A. GOLDENWEISER.

Columbia University, New York City.

How About the Pupil?

SIR: If in "The Schoolmistress" (THE NEW REPUBLIC, January 22nd) Rebecca West desired to make out a case against the teachers of her early youth instead of herself, she must, it would seem, swallow some disappointment as to the result of her article. The rancorous inability to appreciate any achievement in all those woman teachers suggests that some lack must have been inherent in the pupil, and that it is still unconquered. By her own admission, she left this unbelievably odious school at the age of sixteen. A balanced and generous mind could hardly have been permanently so bitterly affected by any lifelessness, pettiness, or even taint in those who "chalked on blackboards" in "business-like blouse and skirt" (Unforgivable offence!). Fortunately most of Miss West's readers will not agree that the will of women picked for making systems of secondary education for girls has made youth a hateful thing. Many are they who turn in thought to former schoolmistresses as the source of inspiration rather than as objects of vituperation and hectic hatred.

MOLLIE STARKS.

Philadelphia.

Not the American Schoolmistress

SIR: Miss West's article of January 22nd savors too much of the stifling air of antediluvian boarding-schools. The author was indeed justified in arraigning a headmistress who would indict a pupil for the petty offense mentioned. Would that Miss West could have been present when the beloved schoolmistress of one of our Middle Western state colleges warmed up to fiery eloquence over the fact that her students had no more sense than to come dutifully prepared with themes, instead of taking the opportunity to hear Jane Addams the evening before. Dire were her threats to "flunk" if we ever again presented ourselves in her classroom when a more important affair was being held down town. Disgusted with our inability to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials in a crisis, she finally ordered us, cowed with humility, to the library, to imbibe second-hand what the morning papers had to say of the suffrage convention.

Far from having "nothing to give," her magnetic personality still radiates after nearly two score years of service. In bright contrast to "infinitely pathetic evening parties" are her wholesome (and artful?) methods of bringing together the young people of both sexes. We suspect she takes a pride in the number of her "granddaughter" namesakes. She is still as naïvely gleeful over her own new frocks as in the aesthetic culture of her girls, as interested in a boy's football game as in his soul. Most unusual of all, she has the marvelous faculty and tact necessary in meeting her students on a plane, and not of looking down upon them from some patronizing pinnacle. There is none of that simpering, wan, vague sweetness, nor does she carry the idea of a "too-clean," dependent, starved womanhood, even though—*mirable dictu!*—she, also, has been at Oxford.

RUTH HALLINGBY.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Frum a Frend

SIR: I se Mis Rebecca West wants to teach teachers how to teach. But I like you for my teacher just as you ar. You teach so wel that we lern to think. We like it so much that we don't want any vacation at all. Plese keep right on. I am eger for next Saturday scool lesson alredy.

But, teacher, don't you think you cud spel this way? I like this spelling much better. It takes les room. It is more nearly the way peple tauk. Why not draw pictures insted of riting letters to make words, if all those letters don't mean something? Pictures wud be much prittier than just a mes of letters ar. They'd be as pritty as Chinese riting. But I wud n't like to hav to read Chinese. I like Spanish. Every letter has one sound. A ritten word is just a spoken word put onto paper. Wo'n't you help make Inglish like that? I'm aware that we hav a lot more vowel sounds than Spanish has and really need a bigger alfabet than we hav (tho we cud leve out som letters, like k and q and x). But if you wud teach us simpler spelling as wel as you teach us new ideas about other things, it wud help a lot. At first you cud just leve out letters that ar n't sounded. Then later you cud make those awful changes (which som papers hav alredy made) like rime and sovran and kist and wisht. I hope you do this before I get too old to like it. I'm sure you'l do it som time.

When I'm big, I'm going to be a poltroon—I mean a pacifist. You'r just right about "Poltroons and Pacifists" and the American peple. And I'm going to ask my pappa to read what you say about "Our Relations with Great Britain," becaus I think you can teach him too.

FELIX.

Cambridge, Mass.

Don't Forget Christian Science

SIR: Your able contributor, Santayana, has spoken rightly. The Roman Catholic Church is "the one complete, stable religion alive under our noses." Yet he, like so many clever but carelessly thinking people, is not aware that there is another "complete, stable religion" very much alive "over our heads," or at any rate over the heads of many, especially those of the sixteen millions of "fellow citizens" mentioned in the *Morning Star*. I mean Christian Science. Does he realize that in little longer

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than a half century the actual church membership of this particular religion has advanced from one lone person to over four millions, and that for every registered member there are two or three in sympathy—students or those who acknowledge? I would advise Santayana to inquire into the completeness, stability and life force of this organization. He would be surprised, I think. He would find also that it possesses the only real modernity in church organization. He would find that it possesses the only substance from which will ever grow a typical American religion. Anyone who goes deeper than his own "opinions" will understand this.

A CERTAIN FREETHINKER.

Auburn, Maine.

Anglican Priest Answers Santayana

SIR: Mr. George Santayana's accelerating rapprochement with the ancient See of Rome might be impersonally described as the most vivid among recent phenomena in your ever-catholic columns. The words are the words of Santayana, but is not the hand the hand of Tyrrell? Truly the modernist-Samson would seem to be slaying more liberals—by assimilation of the basic obscurantism of liberalism—in his dissolution than that true Israelite, Cardinal Mercier, even "pinked" in a certain tight ecclesiastical fencing-bout!

One enjoys the ozone of fair play, even toward an organization scarcely suffering—in America—for the want of it. There is even, perhaps, a peculiar valor in challenging a traditional sentimentalism by championing the strong against his detractors. A mind compelled by a sense of historical perspective to discriminate, however, must halt its eulogy here. For the Catholic ethos which Mr. Santayana lauds as essentially Greek is (in the West) obviously medieval—and early medieval—rather than modern, or even modernist. The freedom of medieval thinkers, who submitted, is incontestable. The freedom of twentieth century scholars who happen to be teaching in certain ecclesiastical institutions in France and Bavaria, may demand more than the assertion of a tolerant liberalism for our credence. The exact extent, also, to which "an artist, a man of passionate fancy," would find himself spiritually at home in the environment of triumphant bourgeois ugliness emblazoned in a typical Jesuit church of this age, may even leave much to the pious imagination of the devotee.

If Mr. Santayana means that a civilization, no less than an already once-severed religious institution, was somewhat wantonly split asunder at the Reformation, he will find many minds—liberal and positivist—to agree. If he means that the Papal Kultur of the late Pius and the present Benedict is equivalent to the spontaneous spirituality of the age of Francis and Dominick, one can only remind him that the whole is still greater than a part.

Logical as is the growing amity between an agnostic Catholicism and the liberal Pantheon, one questions whether many thinking Roman Catholics will welcome Mr. Santayana's apologia. Easy adaptation to environment, such as he discerns in American (Roman) Catholicism, has never been a functioning factor in the greater ages of Christian faith. The Saints were not only not conventionalists: they were very often quite innocent of nationality. And this ascetic note, like it or not, is still deeper at the heart of the mass of obedients to Rome than perhaps Mr. Santayana, in his chats with chummy Jesuits, would imagine. The reforming instinct which produced Protestantism, in other guises, is as much the life of the Roman Communion as of Anglicanism, for instance.

As a priest of the latter obedience, the writer has no quarrel with Mr. Santayana's apparently impending conversion, save as certain historic facts may be involved. Nor does he in the least consider Romanism an American peril. As Mr. Santayana might well have inferred, America and her material prosperity are far more a religious peril, alike to Catholic and Protestant. The real peril—to religion and free thinking equally—would seem to be that very lawless mysticism of which Mr. Santayana, it appears, is a developing disciple. Better a bitter religious warfare, within or without or both, than any church or philosophy which merely capitalizes eccentricity in individual experience. If the liberalism of the nineteenth century is ready to throw up its hands in the presence of the Unknown, let it at least be candid in so doing. And let it, in fairness, not utterly spurn the aid of the newer positivism—which was the true terminus *ad quem* of modernism—which finds in the analysis of psychic phenomena a rational hope no less than a sentimental disillusionment. Various interesting encyclicals of both the late and present Popes leave no doubt as to the attitude of their historic organization toward that endeavor, and toward its free and yet faithful ideal.

WALLACE HERBERT BLAKE.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Greece Loses Anyway

SIR: Mr. Gerald Morgan's interesting article, "The Fearful Greeks," in your issue of December 4th, seems to assume that Greece would be better off if the Allies won than if the Central Powers did. To my mind this is doubtful doctrine, and consequently I feel that it is pretty hard on the Greeks to impute solely or even principally to fear (not to use a harsher word) their present doubts and hesitances. It is of course likely enough that if Germany should win, Greece would become part of a German system of vassal states. There would be compensations, however. Epirus and the Dodekanese would be recovered, and Greek culture and enterprise would have free field and fair play in Turkey—German administration would see to that. If we compare this with what we may expect if the war goes the other way we shall see that the Greeks have no particular reason to be enthusiastic over the cause of the Allies. They are pressed to choose between Germany on the one hand, and Russia plus Italy on the other. What wonder if King Constantine should prefer the former alternative if the worst came to the worst? For it is surely obvious enough that victory for the Allies would mean a Russia dominant in the Balkans and actually in possession of Thrace, the Straits and the bulk of Asia Minor, and an Italy permanently established in Albania and the Dodekanese. But this wouldn't be the worst. The citadel of Greek culture in Turkey is the Orthodox Church. In the hands of Russia Orthodoxy would be used to Russify rather than to Hellenize the population, and consequently, among other things, all hopes would be lost of Greek ever again becoming the *lingua franca* of the Near East. The truth of the matter is, heads or tails, Greece loses. Why, then, should she fight?

KEMP MALONE.

Copenhagen.

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Books and Things

NO mind, not even Mr. George W. Perkins's, can sit alone in its tower and number all the items in this country's unpreparedness for peace. Had he been born in Germany itself, had he undergone an ultra-Prussian discipline in detailed foresight, such a labor would still have been beyond his strength. It is beyond the strength of any one man. We must all help Mr. Perkins. Each of us may stumble over something which but for this accident would have escaped notice. We must be on our guard against custom. We must not be afraid to wait upon experience, to let it contradict our traditional beliefs. Have we not all believed, for example, that it is wise for a man who has chosen his calling, and who has climbed one of its gentler eminences, to keep on climbing? Such aspiring continuity, we have told ourselves, is found in every country that is properly organized for peace. Yet the rule is not applicable always and everywhere. Now and then we find men who are doing their work well enough, and whom nature nevertheless designed to be doers of something quite different. Take, for example, the Supreme Court of Missouri. Good average judges, you may call them, not so good as some, better than others. But nature did not mean them to be judges. She meant them, meant all of them except Bond J., to be eulogists of American institutions. She meant them to pass their maturer years in adoration and praise of the public school, the church and the home.

Proof of this statement is easy. A merchant who had been advertising in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* daily and Sunday, refused not so very long ago to pay that part of his bill which was for Sunday advertising. I don't have to, said he. Look, he said, at section 4801 R. S. 1909: "Every person who shall either labor himself, or compel or permit his apprentice or servant, or any other person under his charge or control, to labor or perform any work other than the household offices of daily necessity, or other works of necessity or charity, or who shall be guilty of hunting game or shooting on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not exceeding fifty dollars." The trial court said the merchant need not pay for his Sunday advertising. The St. Louis Court of Appeals in a unanimous opinion held that he must pay, but certified the cause to the Supreme Court of Missouri "for determination because the opinion was in conflict with the decision of the Kansas City Court of Appeals in the case of Knapp Co. v. Culbertson, 152 Mo. App. 147." The Supreme Court of Missouri saw that "the only question presented is whether or not the publication of the great daily papers of the country on Sunday is a work of necessity," and opined also that "in order to decide that question correctly we should take a brief view of the service the great daily papers of the cities, which constitutes a large part of what we call the press of the country, is doing for humanity."

Here follows a part of this brief view: "The press disseminates practically all of the public news of the world and a large part of that which is personal; it imparts intelligence regarding the public health, public morals and public safety, and materially aids in the preservation of the two former and in the defence of the latter; it is the mouthpiece of the statesman and lawmaker, and proclaims to the world how governmental affairs are administered; it points to the capable and honest official usually with just commendation, and singles out the inefficient and those derelict in duty; and as a rule is at the head of those collecting and disbursing public charity. Moreover, the press is a great educator in literature, art and science, and points out their beneficent influence upon the home, morality and religion; it enables the poor who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces to procure employment, to familiarize themselves with the best and cheapest necessities of life and the most reliable places where they may be procured; . . . and so on to the end of all good and useful vocations of life. The great service the press is rendering to humanity is performed on Sunday as well as upon Monday or upon any other day of the week, and its beneficence is more potent on the former than on the latter, for the simple reason that the toiling masses have more time to read the papers upon Sunday than upon any other day of the week, and therefore acquire greater knowledge and information from them regarding the matters stated on that day than upon any other day."

The Court's eulogy of the press ended in these words: "In the progress of time and the uplift of man, things which used to be useless or luxurious have become prime necessities. For instance, the railroads, the street cars, the telegraph and the telephone. . . . The press is a greater public necessity than all of them. In my opinion it ranks as one of the four great institutions of the country, namely: the home, the church, the public school and the press." This opinion was handed down in the October term, and was written by Judge Woodson, but since all concurred it seems only fair that all, except Judge Bond, who was in result, should have a share in the glory. Men who can write like this are permitted, in the welter of our present disorganization, to go on plying their humble trade, to wait until they gain, by the accidents and caprices of litigation, a chance to eulogize the church, the home and the public school. Were we really an organized country Judge Woodson, at the very least, would be stimulated by a wisely paternal government to give his gift of eulogy moderate daily exercise. Why should the home, the public school and the church be unsung?

Modesty, I suppose, has prevented the Sunday papers from giving this Missouri opinion the publicity it deserves, and has thus enabled a weekly journal not involved in Judge Woodson's praise, to be the first to "point to the capable and honest official with just commendation." Modesty must have been the cause of this silence, or else a tetchiness that took note of the phrase "things which used to be useless," and resented the implication. Anyway, I don't quite understand why every Sunday editor was not front-pagedly enchanted by Judge Woodson's picture of the toiling masses reading the Sunday papers. As a pendant to which picture I should like to offer this, by an English poet: "He stood, a worn-out City clerk—Who'd toil'd, and seen no holiday, For forty years from dawn to dark—Alone, beside Caermarthen Bay. He felt the salt spray on his lips; Heard children's voices on the sands; Up the sun's path he saw the Ships sail on and on to other lands; And laugh'd aloud. Each sight and sound To him was joy too deep for tears; He sat him on the beach, and bound A blue bandanna round his ears And thought how, posted near his door, His own green door on Camden Hill, Two bands at least, most likely more, Were mingling at their own sweet will Verdi with Vance. And at the thought He laugh'd again and softly drew That *Morning Herald* that he'd bought, Forth from his breast, and read it through." See, if you wish to read it printed as Calverley wrote it, "Verses and Fly Leaves," ed. 1901, p. 115.

P. L.

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The Woman in Revolt

The Real Adventure, by Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50 net.

IS there anything fresh to be said about the man and the woman? When Wells wrote his most recent novel he disdained sex. He had become bored with the eternal "relations" that have a biologic hinge. Such contingencies as arise out of sex, he appeared to feel, are niggling and unworthy contrasted with the large social, political, international contingencies. It was these latter, exclusively, that he reserved for "The Research Magnificent." Well, this view has the equipoise of the satiated forties. There is another view, the one which occupies Mr. Webster, and in that view the research of man as to woman and woman as to man is still the Research Magnificent. A difference in age, for one thing, permits such a difference in emphasis. The plane of life tilts differently as novelists climb in years. But there is also a difference in experience. One remembers that George Meredith wrote "One of Our Conquerors" when he was an elderly man.

To start out with Mr. Webster on an adventure 574 pages long is to groan in advance. He does not realize that brevity is the soul of effectiveness. But while he has written volubly and diffusely, wasting much of his fire on the raw air of commonplace, he has done so in an excellent cause. "The Real Adventure" is a very unusual American novel. Saturated in the spirit of this particular country, it attempts a genuine interpretation of a situation common to most countries, the situation of monogamous marriage. And in attempting that interpretation "The Real Adventure" goes the splendid, vivid way about it, the way of representing with all possible verve and skill the life of a tangible group and area.

In romantic fiction most novelists deal with unsuccessful marriage, and they are content to rest their case after they have substituted the true lover for the unsatisfactory wife or husband. In this they are almost justified. That substitution is the heaviest labor of love. But when the husband is gone, taking the elimination to be masculine, there is still another difficulty. The lover must in turn become marital and monogamous or assume a vaguely provisional relation. With that loose tentative relation, the one alternative to marriage, some critics of marriage profess to be satisfied. But, leaving them out of account, there remain the novelists who accept the problem as solved when the lover takes the place of the husband. Is it solved? In most cases, not at all. The old initial problem, that of monogamous marriage, is simply resumed, under auspices supposed at last to be happy.

Monogamy, then, is not the only problem of marriage. Eliminating all debate as to the suitability of the given mates, the mere question of mating is itself a problem. And it is this problem which to Mr. Webster is "The Real Adventure." He does not suppose two persons unhappily mated. He supposes two persons genuinely in love, mated beyond any question of an outside relation. And what he encounters on their behalf is the difficulty of adjustment that arises not through any lack of love but just through the nature of love itself, and the nature of one sex in juxtaposition to the other.

In his conception of Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich, the Chicagoans whom he describes, Mr. Webster allows himself to be optimistically exuberant. A great deal of the success of the novel depends on how much one can reciprocate this exuberance. So far as the man is concerned, I cannot corroborate him for myself. The woman, however, compensates for him. So complete is she for me and so imaginatively remunerative that I accept her man as she sees him. It is not that the man is not understood. But he seems to me in commercial parlance "over-sold." Mr. Webster assures me he has a "deep-breathing spacious philosophy," a "big, cool, fine mechanism of a mind." He rejoices in "the driving power of him, the boisterous health and freshness and confidence carelessly exultant in his strength." The author likes the way he sweeps up out of his chair, "tramping up and down the room." (I shrink from these perambulators). Mr. Webster can hear him dismiss a thing "with a cymbal-like clash of laughter." I can't. And his rise in three years to fortune and eminence as a consulting lawyer does not give me the proper sense of his conquering vitality. I am like his wife. I am not permitted to see enough of his performances. But this flatness in Rodney is discounted by the roundness of the projection of Rose.

Rose is a student at the University of Chicago, daughter of a pioneer suffragist, married out of hand by this breezy, unconventional scion of a Prairie Avenue dynasty. She is translated at one swoop from the class-room where she has everyone else "faded," to the inner circle of Chicago society. Domesticated in an ideal house rented from one of Chicago's distinguished expatriates, she comes in her curiously American sanity, vigor, simplicity, invitingness, to make her place in Rodney's set. And she makes it after a moment's probation. They love her. It is amusing how Mr. Webster takes a tone toward this Chicago. He has Chicago's instinct to sand-blast the little society architect, Bertie Willis. He is Chicagoan about the exquisite house, Rodney's hard-finished sister the Italian *contessa,* the Europeanated wife of the young Freudian doctor. Chicago bristles at the *raffiné.* But this very temper suggests the environment as it is.

It is only after repeated attempts to keep pace with her husband, thirty-two years or so to her twenty, that Rose realizes her parasitic relation to him, classifies herself as a "world's worst failure." She seeks to be a real companion. She fails, for about the same reason that she would fail in trying to fill his pipe for him. His business is a pipe that he is only comfortable in loading and smoking for himself. He smiles delightedly at her effort to share that function, smiles and shoos her away. She expects a difference when her child is born. But she is nonplussed by becoming the mother of twins. Under the direction of the *contessa,* with her husband's acquiescence, these strange, unanticipated mortals are placed under the expert care of nurses. She is supernumerary. Her attempts to explain this to her husband are utterly futile. He cannot see why the mere fact of being his wife, sharing his leisure, is not enough for her. She thinks the whole thing out for herself, contemplates the possibilities and penalties of assent; realizes that with all her love, because of her love, she cannot stifle her sense of dependence and futility; confronts him with this need for her own fruition, finds him baffled, and insists on her necessity to end the falseness she feels by leaving him, to work out her own independence.

Whether a woman would leave her husband and two babies because of a desire so undefined is a question that clearly maternal women will dispute. But there are many things possible to women not so clearly maternal. I enjoy, at any rate, the thought of this immense self-reliance in a situation so well developed as Mr. Webster's. There is no God in Rose's Chicagoan cosmos. She is virgin of deference and trepidation and tradition. In absolute lack of certain old-fashioned associations she is highly and endearingly

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characteristic. At all events she walks out, without banging the door.

She has sand, grit, spirit. The greatest romance in American character is the romance of material difficulties conquered. This romance she manifests in her subsequent adventure. She plans to get there or die, only she never for a moment contemplates anything so silly as dying. She manages to get employment as a chorus-girl. All of this evolution Mr. Webster has mastered idiomatically, better than he has mastered the idiom of Chicago's leisure class. His characters in the cheap theatrical world, that is to say, are more sharply differentiated and more adequately rounded. The girl who becomes infatuated with Rose, the director who falls in love with her, the inhabitants of Centropolis who flout her, the Jewish owners who exploit her gift for designing costumes—these, and all the "morons" who belong to the chorus, satisfy one's imagination as to the reality of the experience. It is a little hard to believe, of course, that her success would be so rapid and complete. She is only twenty-four or so when we leave her. But this temptation to telescope experience is a great one for a novelist who is dealing with men and women of action, hero and heroine so "abnormally normal" that they are at their best in suiting the action to the word. It would be more penetrating, probably, to include in the career of such a type, the best American type, some actions in which judgment proved to be colossally at fault. Rose is Rooseveltian. She ought to be made to squeal between the nippers of inconsistency, like Roosevelt. But she is still only twenty-four.

That Rodney comes to understand is permissible. The course of that progress to understanding is traced with honest deference to probability. And it does not fail to move the person whom Rose has captivated.

In an American novel one does not find, as a rule, any strong sense that life is unaccountable. The machine technology that underlies American civilization precludes that particular mood—the mood of agricultural Thomas Hardy. In American fiction intelligence is always active, ready to explain what is observed, refusing to observe what cannot be explained. Something of the poetic is missed in this well-lighted world. But not much more is missed by Mr. Webster. He has written a novel that embraces a genuine situation and does for it only what hefty craftsmanship, generous sympathies and deep sensitiveness to the beauty of a married relation could do. With "The Real Adventure" he emerges as one of America's most significant novelists.

F. H.

Above the Mêlée

Au-Dessus de la Mêlée, by Romain Rolland. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorf. 2 Fr.

> "TO save the light of the intelligence: that is our rôle. We must not let it grow dim in the midst of your blind struggles. Who will hold the light if we let it fall? You will be very glad, after the battle, to find it intact. . . . To understand everything, to hate nothing. The artist is the compass that during the storm always points north."—"Jean-Christophe."

This quotation is practically the text of Romain Rolland's new book, "Au Dessus de la Mêlée," but he himself is one of the few important European thinkers who have actually kept their mental and moral perspective since Europe went to pieces. Much was to be expected from the author of "Jean-Christophe." Even while the winds of nationalism were rising he dedicated his life and his art to an effort to see France unflinchingly and to look into the heart of her great neighbor. Yet even Rolland has been able to achieve clearness of head and calmness of heart only by retiring to neutral Switzerland. The articles and letters which make up the new volume appeared for the most part in the Geneva *Journal*. They brought the wrath of both France and Germany on the author's head. The reason is not far to seek. France and Germany wish to believe the worst of each other—Rolland insists, even in these dire days, on repudiating national hatreds and cultivating international understanding.

Rolland has always claimed "the consent of reason." To him all sanctions are personal, all battles must be fought in the individual soul. Soul is a word he has a liking for, and the reason in which he believes is not the affair of intellect alone. "The intelligence of thought is nothing without that of the heart." This is very like Vauvenargues' famous phrase, "les grandes pensées viennent du coeur"; and indeed Rolland seems, by his combination of profound human tenderness with a solid and stoical strain of character, to belong to the same French line as the seventeenth century moralist—broadly speaking, to the protestant and liberal, as opposed to the Catholic and traditionalist line. "I believe," said Jean-Christophe, "that a vigorous and healthy man must remake his own philosophy, as he remakes his life, his art, as he decides in action, and as he loves." What could be more Emersonian, more remote from the theories of M. Barrès? Probably Barrès would say that Rolland could not now be living in Alpine detachment if his youth had not been perverted by foreign influence. Wagner, Tolstoi, Dostoëvsky, became his spiritual masters in the 'eighties, and he began to dream of that "good Europe," as Nietzsche called it, where the best of the culture of all lands should be shared by an international élite. This good Europe was, of course, the real fatherland of Jean-Christophe; and again in the new volume we read that the élite has "two cities: our earthly country and the other, the city of God. Of the former we are the occupants; of the latter the builders. Let us give to the first our bodies and our faithful hearts. But nothing of what we love—family, friends, country—has a claim on our spirits."

The article which gives its name to the volume was the one that most aroused the French press against Rolland, though it begins with a poignant invocation to the *jeunesse héroique du monde,* especially to the youth of France who "for years have been confiding your dreams to me." "How you avenge us for the years of skepticism, of weak pleasure-seeking when we were growing up. . . . War 'of revenge,' . . . indeed, but not as a narrow chauvinism understands it: faith's revenge upon all the egoism of senses and spirit, absolute gift of oneself to eternal ideas." Even if France should perish, such a death would be the supreme victory of a race. Yet if the hands of the combatants are clean, by what right have the guardians of European civilization sacrified such living riches? All the spiritual forces are marshalled behind the armies. Eucken against Bergson, Hauptmann against Maeterlinck, Hervé under the flag of Austerlitz. Rolland recognizes that the tragedy of the conflict is that every one of the peoples is really menaced in independence, life, and honor. The original fault, in his opinion, belongs to the "three rapacious eagles," Austria, Russia, and Prussia; and as between

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the two latter he maintains that Russia is "the lesser evil," not only because her modern art is more vital, but because her thinkers have always protested against the violence of their military tyrants. France has the *beau rôle* in this war. But that is precisely why he wishes her to conquer not only by right, but by "the superiority of her generous heart." That is why he pleads for charity, lucidity, and calm. While the soldiers fight without hatred, the writers at home brandish bloody pens and cry "Kill! Kill!"

The article on "Idols," a fierce arraignment of intellectualism, is perhaps the most powerful of the collection. Humanity, he moans, in spite of the efforts of forty centuries, remains enslaved to the phantoms of its own mind. In the fabrication the intellectuals surpass the common herd. They weave the web more closely and produce monstrous chefs-d'oeuvres. So we get the idol of Kultur —this is the worst and greatest—but Rolland attacks also the new French idol of "race," of "civilization," of "Latinity." "Try to forget your ideas," he adjures both nations, "and look in each others' eyes. 'Don't you see that you are me?' said old Hugo to one of his enemies."

For nearly a year Rolland's articles could get into the French papers only in fragmentary form, "deformed" by his enemies. Even to these enemies he turns the other cheek, and every "friend of Jean-Christophe," as his readers all over the world have been called, will respect him for proclaiming his right to keep his old friends in Germany; for protesting against what he believes to be both a political and a moral error—the total crushing of the enemy nation; for pointing out the dawnings in Germany of discontent and right reason; for urging that the two nations must not burn the bridges of a future friendship. There is an illuminating chapter on German war literature; the tone of a few "young reviews" being distinctly critical of their military leaders. Young France is not writing for publication—war has struck deeper into her body—her works are her acts and also her letters. For certain of these Rolland "would give the most beautiful verses of the most beautiful of poems."

It is quite clear, however, from the development of this book—which is arranged in chronological order and evolves, as the preface points out, from indignation to pity—that to Rolland the war ends by becoming wholly terrible and unendurable. From his post in Geneva, one of service to an international society for the benefit of civil prisoners, he welcomes all documents which show the uprising against war of too supine public opinion, neutral and other, and urges upon the élite the need of a supreme court of conscience. Nobody who reads him at this distance can doubt the ardor of his patriotism, though one cannot help feeling that his absence from France has somewhat tempered the reality of what he has to say. Once already, at the time of the Affaire Dreyfus, he has refused to take sides, apparently from an instinctive recoil from the angers of the warring camps. Now he shrinks from the grim passions of Paris in wartime. This is the other face of his human tenderness, as his clinging to Tolstoian hopes in the midst of the international shipwreck is the other side of his immovable stoical idealism. Even Jaurès, whose death he laments as an irreparable loss to European democracy, modified his views with the times. Not so Rolland; and one regrets that the entreaties of his friends have driven him into silence. It is strong proof of how far, in the country where one has hitherto found the human spirit most free, a tragic necessity has subordinated thought to action, and free will to obedience.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Congress in Action

Your Congress, by Lynn Haines. National Voters' League, Washington, D. C. Cloth, $1.15; paper, 65 cents.

IN a period of war, even of foreign war, there is a not uncommon reaction of the popular mind away from the ways of progress; the natural instinct is to sit tight until the storm blows over. It is thus unusually heartening to find a recent book of such a sanely hopeful outlook as "Your Congress"—sane because it is based on a complete knowledge of the unpleasant facts, hopeful because of an unwavering faith in the future of the democratic idea in the United States.

Introduced by some illustrations of "congressional atmosphere," the book sketches the rise and failure of insurgency, and then proceeds to analyze the present situation in the House of Representatives. The chaos of the rules and of the official organization on the one hand, and the basic influence of patronage, "pork," and political advantage on the other, have combined to give to the majority-party caucus—a secret and irresponsible organization, dominated by a few "leaders" and founded on the unwholesome necessities of partisan political existence—the appointment of the House committees and the control of the House business. On this actual functioning of the House machinery Mr. Haines' lucid exposition is certainly authoritative, for as secretary to the National Voters' League he has devoted the past two years to the impartial study of Congress in action.

To the present and future work of the National Voters' League, its reconstructive program, much of this book is devoted. The immediate reforms look to a simplification of House procedure and organization on lines of commonsense business efficiency, and to a relief of the congestion. More basically, it is proposed to strike at patronage by an extension of the civil service, and to eliminate "pork" appropriations by the establishment of an executive budget system. The election of representatives by groups from large districts is proposed as a substitute for our present system of petty single-member districts; with this must go proportional representation. Procedural reform is of the most immediate importance, since at present the impossible parliamentary conditions in the House afford the primary protection of those evils which in turn are the foundations of the existing partisan irresponsibility.

"The National Voters' League is an attempt to bring Congress closer to the people," through widespread impartial publicity of the work of Congress and of each Congressman, in monthly bulletins, special reports, and an annual book. It seeks to organize so-called "balance-of-power groups" of independent voters in each congressional district, "for public rather than political objects." The immediate work of these groups will be to send to Congress supporters of the League platform. Thus it is hoped to establish a "balance-of-power group" within the walls of Congress itself.

The value of an intelligent, independent "balance-of-power group" in both electorate and Congress cannot well be disputed, but Mr. Haines would seem to go too far in his enthusiasm for the complete elimination of partyism. If party as an institution has a place at all, it is certainly in the legislative, policy-making body. Would it not be more practical, then, to try to combine adequate party responsibility with the undeniable present tendency toward party solidarity, and to substitute open, legitimate bases for con-

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certed political action, in place of the perverting bonds of office and its spoils? However this may be, the National Voters' League is a valuable social agency whose immediate program may and should be heartily supported. The establishment of efficient, responsible political machinery is essential to the realization of any effective social or economic progress. Throughout the book Mr. Haines regards government in the proper perspective, as a mere instrument of that unity of sovereignty and society which is democracy. In the light of such a concept our "end-in-itself political system" must go.

But this small volume performs a still more valuable service, of which the title is significant: "*Your* Congress" is addressed to the ordinary citizen—a challenge to know and then to act. The book is a popular, matter-of-fact statement. To bring home to every citizen what he really has at stake in the political game—to show that "laws more than labor determine what each of us shall have to enjoy," and that on our government depends not a little of our human happiness as well—this is Mr. Haines' chief purpose. It is for this reason that "Your Congress" is dedicated: "To whom it *should* concern."

W. H. H.

Poets for the Young

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks, selected and arranged by Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

THIS is not only a beautiful book, but what is fully as rare in these hurried and economizing days, a beautiful piece of bookmaking. Typographically the volume is a delight; nothing is crowded or cheapened, and the whimsical illustrations by Willy Pogány do much to make it distinguished. Mr. Stevenson, who selected and arranged the poems, shows the same skill and sympathy that he displayed in that inclusive and gargantuan tome, "The Home Book of Verse." True, he has taken more than a few hints from that other youthful anthology of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, "Golden Numbers"; he has even taken some of its groupings and chapter headings; but he has improved on that excellent collection in several ways. For one thing he does not quote anything except in full; for another, he includes more ambitious and "advanced" poetry. He seems for the most part to respect the young intelligence; he takes, very rightly, more for granted. It is a pleasure and something of a surprise to find so much unadulterated Keats, Wordsworth, Henley, Blake, Shelley, Browning and Emerson here. But lest these classical names give the impression that the volume is mostly classic reading, let it be told that they appear after a lengthy and careful preparation—a subtly educative process beginning with many of the best nursery and nonsense rhymes, going through Stevenson and Eugene Field to those narratives in rhyme a dozen lines of which impress themselves more vividly on the juvenile mind than all the names and dates ever collected in all the history-books. Also, for a little of Francis Thompson, Shakespeare and Whitman there is plenty of James Whitcomb Riley, Felicia Hemans, Edward Lear and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A wide and generous variety, wider still for the inclusion of such contemporaries as Chesterton, Masefield, Henry Newbolt and Rupert Brooke.

Now for the motes in this fine vision. There are several of them scattered here and there, but one in particular.

TIFFANY & Co.

DIAMONDS

IN THE MOST MODERN SETTINGS

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

And that one—a large one—is Mr. Stevenson's leaning to the didactic. The series called "Life Lessons," modelled on the previous volume, is frankly moralizing in tone, and —I am tempted to write "but"—good poetry at the same time. But there is little excuse for the lengthy and lugubrious section "The Duty of Children," and no excuse whatever for most of the verses that Mr. Stevenson has included under this caption. That whole method of teaching children is as fundamentally false as it is fruitless, for it is a kind of instruction that is not only dogmatic but dangerous. One no longer tries to make a child truthful by telling him lies, just as one no longer tries to make him obedient and brave by frightening the life out of him. And most of these poems are lies—lies that will get nothing from a child but resentment. Perfect children never have existed; and it only makes a naturally imperfect child unnatural and more imperfect to ask him to live up to these pink and white precepts or to the angelic creatures of Anne Taylor, with their absurd attitudes and ungodly holiness. I would as soon quote these or the pious platitudes of Isaac Watts to my child as hold up to him the fictional exemplary cousin of everyone's childhood. Such preachy bathos as these, and examples like the anonymous "Little Fred," cause an inevitable revulsion in the infantile mind; they are almost as bad as the German method of "Struwelpeter," where every trivial misdemeanor is immediately followed by the most horrible of punishments—Pauline plays with matches, the house is burned down and she with it; Conrad sucks his thumbs, the scissors-man cuts them both off; Augustus refuses to drink his soup; four days he wastes away, on the fifth he is found dead. Yet Mr. Stevenson can quote two of these exhibits from an old

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chamber of horrors—stolidly translated, by the way—with evident approval. And I venture to say that Mr. Stevenson and those zealous parents who feed such stuff to a young impressionable brain will be the first to wonder why that delicate and sensitive mind is plagued by dreams, phantasies and, later on, by fears and torturing repressions.

What is only a little less important from an aesthetic standpoint, such literature hurts the child as an artist. Every child is a mimic and a maker—he is not only a potential but an actual poet. Every natural youngster sees all things freshly, vividly, imaginatively. It is only the fact that the child is forced to exchange his fancies for formulas, to accept predetermined customs and routines of action and thought, that changes his outlook; it is the pressure of parents, and indirectly the whole impatient world, that blurs and perverts the normal poetic instinct. The poet is first of all a child that has grown up without having his vision blurred and distorted. Poems of this insistently didactic type—too many even of the New England school, where all things in and out of nature, from a chambered nautilus to a village blacksmith, are used to point specious and usually irrelevant morals—obfuscate and twist the free and healthy views of the young reader until his mental vision becomes narrow and myopic. It is to be hoped that in the next edition Mr. Stevenson will cut down the space allotted to them.

Incidentally, if he wishes to compensate his publishers for the loss of space he might add to the "Story Poems," a section which, excellent as it is, could be enlarged to its own and the child's benefit. He might add—and why they were left out is something of a puzzle—Burns' stirring "Bannockburn"; Byron's famous high-school recitation, "The Night Before Waterloo"; Lowell's "The Singing Leaves," a genuinely pretty allegory of the poet's place and power; and John Hay's "The Enchanted Shirt," which has all the "life lesson" of the moralizers, twice their grace, and ten times as much humor. And while in this carping mood I wonder how any selection could be made and grouped under "The Glad Evangel" without including Alfred Dommett's "A Christmas Hymn"; and why there is nothing here from any of Guy Wetmore Carryl's "Fables for the Frivolous" or his "Grimm Tales Made Gay"; and why the child-loving Rudyard of the "Just-So" rhymes is forgotten for the Kipling of "Recessional"; and why W. S. Gilbert has been left out; and what in the name of Froebel and Montessori Herrick's "A Tenarie of Littles" is doing under "The Duty of Children."

These few quibbles disposed of, it only remains again to praise the book. One might add, in the positive manner of the trade-journal, that no home should be without it, which, with this stricture, is very true.

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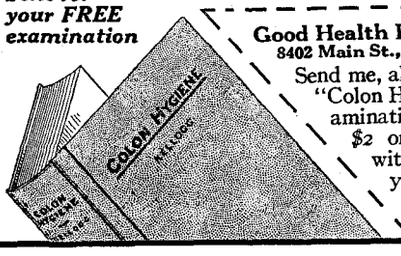

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